

THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 318—NUMBER 4131

SEPTEMBER 8, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PRIOR TO THE IRISH ELECTIONS

GENERALIZATIONS as to political sentiment in Ireland and detailed predictions as to the outcome of the general election were conspicuously absent from the British press, while articles in the Irish papers reflected only the excitement of the campaign. Free State capital was made of the intercepted letter from Frank Aiken, De Valera's chief of staff, containing recommendations for continuing the civil war with concentration upon 'the use of explosives, gas, and fire.' However, there seemed to be a touch of affectation in this indignation, due presumably to the feeling that a resumption of civil war, especially with such weapons, was very improbable.

The Irish correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette* predicted an easy victory for the Free Staters, who had strengthened their prestige by restoring a degree of order, prior to the polling, such as Ireland has not enjoyed since the end of the World War. De Valera's following was expected to be mainly among women and young men.

While the controversy between Republicans and Free Staters may soon cease to be Ireland's supreme political issue, a thrifty crop of new differences

has already appeared. Labor, which has been a separate party from the beginning of the present government, has divided into a more and a less conservative faction, led respectively by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Larkin. The Farmers, who are also forming a separate political group, showed a disposition to join forces with Labor in doubtful districts. But while the Laborites have ambitious plans that invite increased government expenditures, the Farmers strenuously demand economy and a reduced budget.

A correspondent of the *London Outlook* predicted that the elections would turn as much on personalities as on policy. The Cabinet Party was not expecting to return enough members to keep the Government in power without other support. However, that support is expected to be forthcoming from the Farmers and the Independents. Summarizing the situation as it appeared a month before the election, this correspondent said:—

In the past the 'man in the street' generally could predict pretty closely the results of an Irish election; and his view this time is very adverse to the Republicans' chances. Indeed, he scarcely discusses them. What he is more interested in is the prospects of Labor. Conservative opinion in Ireland—and Conservative

opinion includes some Republicans as well as all of the old Unionists — is really rather afraid that some future Irish Parliament may 'constitutionally' abolish property.

DETACHING THE RHINELAND

Humanité, the French Communist organ, reports via Berlin that a secret conference of Rhineland secessionists was held at Bonn, on June 17, at which a committee was appointed — whose members are named in the article — to negotiate with the authorities at Paris and Brussels for protection in their agitation and for financial assistance. The conference adopted the following resolutions: —

1. Confidential representatives of the Rhenish Republican Party assembled at Bonn declare that they represent all of the population of the former territories of the Rhine, and believe that they are authorized to begin negotiations for the independence of the Rhine country, and to elect plenipotentiaries. These plenipotentiaries are to be responsible only to the members of this meeting.

2. The representatives of the Rhenish Republican Party assembled at Bonn commission the Committee to negotiate with the Allied ministries with a view to having the latter direct their subordinates to give aid and protection to the people who are agitating for the liberation and the secession of the Rhine country.

3. The representatives of the Rhenish Republican Party, assembled at Bonn, commission the Committee to provide against the Interallied authorities receiving or conferring with any but members of the Rhenish Republican Party authorized by the Committee.

Returning to this subject in a later issue, *Humanité* says that discord within the Rhenish Republican Party, which developed after this meeting, prevented immediate action. Reviewing the history of the movement, it says: —

On August 14, 1920, M. Vial gave Dr. Dorten, in the name of General Mangin,

250,000 francs to finance propaganda for the separatist scheme. . . . Soon afterward *la brave petite feuille de chou*, *Der Rheinische Herold*, began to be published as a daily. . . . Evidently it is not easy to proclaim a republic that nobody wants. It was necessary to prepare public opinion, and every means was taken to do so.

Le Matin gave a report of the Separatists' assembly, held at Coblenz on July 29, the first column front of its issue of the following date, headed with a picture of Dr. Dorten. It quotes from Dorten's address to this meeting as follows: 'Paris has been asking me, skeptically, "Show us your men!" Here they are!' — and, with a sweeping gesture, he designated the great meeting, which rose like a single man.

Kölnische Zeitung, which being published in British occupied territory speaks without duress, declares that the French press has been confidentially instructed by its Government to represent the Dorten movement as an agitation not fostered or favored by the French authorities. None the less, every important Paris paper had a special correspondent at the Coblenz meeting, and a confidential representative of the French Cabinet is alleged to have been present. This journal further asserts that French money is being spent without stint to promote the Separatists' cause. 'It is proposed to send delegates amply supplied with French funds to Norway, Sweden, Spain, and other countries, and to the League of Nations, to make appeals for this movement. Various German organizations abroad are also to be approached.'

Frankfurter Zeitung prints an article from its Cologne correspondent, picturing the dissensions among the various Separatist factions and their leaders in a most unattractive light.

Smeets accuses his former friend, Trier, with embezzling a million and a half marks

formerly collected for the cause. Trier comes back with the charge that Smeets has embezzled millions. . . . Recrimination and counter-recrimination have no bounds. Mrs. Smeets threatens to have the delegates of an opposing faction arrested by the English. The managers of opposing cliques threaten to have Smeets exiled from Coblenz.



FASCISTI, POPOLARI, AND LABOR

MUSSOLINI has not only put through his electoral law and curtailed the freedom of the opposition press, but he has succeeded in partially disintegrating the two strongest organized political movements with which the Fascisti were likely to come into conflict.

The resignation of Don Sturzo, the leader of the Clericals, was presaged by the embarrassment that party has experienced in its relation with the Fascisti from the time Mussolini assumed office. Apparently under the guidance of the Vatican, control of the party had drifted increasingly into the hands of its more conservative element. Don Sturzo himself defeated the Radicals under Miglioli, whose Socialist programme almost paralleled that of the Communists, before the Fascisti secured their present ascendancy. Now, it seems, Don Sturzo himself was proving too radical.

According to an interview with 'a high person' in the Popolari, published in *La Tribuna*, the Holy See, while it continues to cherish the benevolent regard for Don Sturzo, 'did not conceal its preference for Count Grosoli,' leader of the Right and of a large section of the conservative Catholic press. If this was so, events immediately following the interview placed the party in opposition to the wishes of the Vatican, for its executive censored Count Grosoli and those of his party friends who voted for Mussolini's electoral law. This caused the Count, who

had been one of the founders of the party, and a pioneer advocate of Italian Catholics taking active part in political life, to resign from the party. Don Sturzo reappeared from his retirement at the time the Party Executive took its recent action. He declared in a speech before its National Council that the Popolare Party expressed primarily the devotion of Italian Catholics to local liberty, local autonomy, and progressive social welfare policies; that it stood for a sincere Neo-Guelph programme, in opposition to the efforts of the old bureaucracy, and also of the Socialists, to concentrate all power in the central Government.

Mussolini's second incursion into the ranks of the opposition has taken the form of an effort to create a Labor Party uncontrolled by any political influence save that of the Government. He wishes the General Confederation of Labor, which is controlled by the Socialists, though it is not identical with the Socialist Party, to discard Socialism and give its political support to the Fascisti Cabinet. In that case, Mussolini promises the representatives of Labor posts in the Ministry. Several prominent labor leaders, including the secretary of the Confederation, the head of the Federation of Metal Workers, and some of the Socialist deputies who are tired of their enforced inaction under the present régime, are eager to accept this offer. On the other hand, veteran Socialists like Turati and Treves scorn any idea of compromise with the Fascisti, and denounce the proposal as 'treachery to the proletariat.' At last reports they seem to have a minority in the Confederation. Needless to say the Communists, who until recently, at least, were nominally the majority of the organized workers of Italy, are bitterly opposed to Mussolini's proffer, and are not included in its terms.

GERMAN DOMESTIC POLITICS

THE overthrow of the Cuno Cabinet brought to a head party tendencies and discords that had been present for a considerable period beneath the surface of German political life. Broadly speaking, a disposition appears to draw away from the Centre toward either the Right or the Left. The Communist Party is increasing numerically, but as its membership grows it also becomes more moderate. It is significant that the Conservative-Socialist organ, *Vorwärts* is said to be losing subscribers, while *Die Rote Fahne*, which represents the Bolsheviki, has added 50,000 to its circulation. On the other hand, a partly reactionary movement is gaining ground, not only among the propertied classes but to some extent among the wage-earners themselves, and is gradually elaborating a definite platform. This programme looks toward uniting the whole German race into a Greater Germany, annulling the Treaty of Versailles, recovering at least part of the German colonies, confiscating war profits, — especially those in the hands of the Jews, — taking over the great trusts in behalf of the State, creating a powerful national militia, and strengthening the central Government.

Meanwhile, signs of a split are showing themselves in the Social-Democratic Party. The cleavage is roughly along the lines that divided the Government Socialists from the Independent Socialists prior to the reunion of the two factions last year. Not long ago thirty Reichstag deputies of the Left wing met at Weimar, and resolved in favor of summoning a party Congress for the purpose of adopting a new programme. Among the demands were a balanced budget, a radical solution of the currency crisis, a disavowal of sabotage and other violent measures conflicting with the policy of passive resistance

in the Ruhr, and the tendering of a definite sum for Reparations to France and Belgium, to be raised by a levy upon property, and payable upon the evacuation of the Ruhr.

*

PARIS POLITICAL CONSTELLATIONS

WILHELM FELDMANN, the veteran Paris correspondent of *Vossische Zeitung*, gives the readers of that journal an interesting analysis of party groupings in France, apropos of the recent debate in the Chamber upon domestic policies. He points out that old party lines and old party discipline have broken down under the stress of recent experience. 'Only the Communists and unified Socialists demand absolute party loyalty of their members.' Party chaos prevails in the provinces. 'It often happens that candidates who are elected as Radicals or Left Republicans will have nothing to do with the Radicals or the Left Republicans after they enter the Chamber.' The four best-known champions of Clemenceau belong to three different parties — Tardieu and Ignace being Left Republicans, Klotz a Radical, and Mandel an Independent.

'National Bloc' and 'Left Bloc' mean quite different things in domestic policies and in foreign policies. Hervé recently said editorially in *Victoire* that 'the Left Bloc and the National Bloc are divided solely and exclusively by the religious question.' He was here referring to domestic policies. Poincaré's programme in the Ruhr is endorsed by some Radicals, while several Conservative Republicans, including the representative of the Comité des Forges, are by no means its enthusiastic supporters. The Catholic Democrat, Marc Sangnier, who was elected by a Paris constituency as a member of the National Bloc, is one of the bitterest opponents of Poincaré's foreign policy,

while Léon Daudet, the Royalist, elected as an opponent of the National Bloc, is an ardent champion of that policy.

Neither should one be deceived by the misuse of the word 'Right' in newspapers opposed to the Government. In reality the monarchist Right has less than twenty-five votes in the Chamber. If we add the thirty Liberal-Clericals, the total would be only fifty-five. The three hundred votes or more upon which Poincaré can count are unreservedly Republican.

François Coty, Senator from Corsica, and proprietor of *Le Figaro*, characterizes the National Bloc as *une amère déception*, and adds that it 'was nothing more than a cleverly conceived political enterprise to protect the interests of big war profiteers, to save the seats of a host of politicians, and to put at the head of the Government its founder and leader' — that is, Millerand.

The Paris correspondent of the *Observer* thus describes the principal business factor behind the National Bloc: —

The influence of the French ironmasters, working through the Comité des Forges, is considerable in the press as it is in politics, and its working is little understood outside of Paris. There is little doubt that the Comité des Forges supplied the greater part of the large electoral campaign fund which brought the National Bloc into power, and there is little doubt that it is getting ready to supply an even larger sum to influence the election next year — though it will probably find the swing to the Left too strong for it. But if it was largely instrumental in bringing in the parliamentary majority, this does not necessarily imply a hold on the Government; for the working of combinations between groups make the Government less the direct servant of the parliamentary majority than it would be under a party system, as in England — 'in France we have no parties; we only have tendencies.'

The position of the Comité des Forges to-day may be summarized by saying that it is very much in favor of the Government's policy, if that policy is to lead to securing more coal from Germany, but very much opposed to it if the result is to be the direct exploitation of such German metallurgical industries as would in effect be fostering a competition with French trade. Incidentally it is, of course, obtaining far less coal from Germany in the meanwhile than it did before the Ruhr was occupied. This position is very well expressed in a series of articles from the Ruhr which have been appearing in the *Journal des Débats*, and are interesting, as the paper is said recently to have established some financial connection with the Comité. On the other hand, such papers as the *Matin*, credited with being directly inspired by M. Poincaré, continue to insist upon the real value of the Ruhr, regarded from the point of view of being directly exploitable.



A PEACE MINISTRY

THE *Daily Herald*, the London Labor organ, declares that the first act of a Labor Government should be to appoint a Minister for Peace. His motto should be *Si vis pacem, para pacem*, and his duty should be 'to prepare for peace more assiduously and more intelligently than war ministers have prepared for war.' Among the methods suggested would be to provide, in coöperation with the educational authorities, suitable international histories for school youths, to spread throughout the masses a real and sympathetic understanding of other peoples, and to organize 'pilgrimages of peace' to visit other lands. He would use the press, the platform, and the international news service to encourage international coöperation and to preach the folly of war. He would see that foreign visitors were suitably received, and would dispatch missions to every country to cultivate the friendship of foreign peoples.

ACROSS SIBERIA

TRAVELERS from Tokyo to Moscow and Western European points are required to secure a visa from the Soviet authorities in Peking or Harbin — a proceeding that usually takes two to three months, and costs seven dollars 'Mex.' Mexican dollars are also the most serviceable kind of money to carry until Harbin is reached. Fares and general expenses must be paid with the gold rubles — that is, in the old gold and silver coins of the Empire. Luggage must be reduced to a minimum. The journey from Harbin to Moscow takes nine days, the weekly train leaving the former city Friday afternoon and arriving at the Soviet capital the following Sunday noon.

A traveler who has just completed the journey reports that it cost him in the neighborhood of 500 yen, or \$250 in American currency, of which 400 yen represented railway fares — including supplementary fares collected along the route — and the remainder the cost of food, passport fees, and tips. A knowledge of Russian is hardly necessary for a person who knows German, but very little English is spoken on the train.

Upon the whole the trip is practically as comfortable as before the war. The sleeping-cars from Chita to Moscow are the same that were formerly used. Although not in as good repair and as clean as in the old days, they are kept in passable condition. The service is excellent. The train from Harbin to Chita is not good. The dining-cars serve excellent food. Women and children should hardly attempt the trip at present; certainly not unless they speak Russian.

FOREIGN TRAVEL FOR WORKERS

Two years ago representatives of the British trades-unions and coöperative societies organized a Workers' Travel

Association, for the purpose of assisting wage-earners to make economic tours abroad. The idea was that foreign travel would broaden the minds of the working people, and qualify the more enterprising and intelligent among them for the greater responsibilities that the growing power of the Labor Party and of Labor organizations in general may impose upon them. In 1922, the first summer of the Association's activity, nearly one thousand working men and women visited the continent under its auspices. They enjoyed, at modest prices, salon accommodations on boats, and were lodged at 'good class hotels.'

Each party is served by a volunteer guide and is received by an English-speaking representative at every important centre in the countries visited. Inclusive of all expenses, the cost of these tours ranges from £5 10s for seven-day trips to Paris, to £14 14s for fourteen-day trips to Vienna or Italy.



MINOR NOTES

THE fact that Jane Addams, on her recent tour of Japan, was traveling with a Miss Smith caused some confusion in the minds of the Japanese ladies whom they met. One of the latter delivered a long eulogy at a reception to Miss Addams on 'Miss Adam Smith,' evidently confusing the *Wealth of Nations* with the League of Nations.

THE Minister of Communications at Peking has authorized the adoption of a new Chinese phonetic alphabet for the transmission of telegrams. At present Chinese telegrams are coded into numerals and decoded by the receiving office. The new system will avoid this, and it is hoped will tend to unify the spoken language throughout the country.

TURKEY TO-DAY

BY A CONSTANTINOPLE CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 2
(LIBERAL DAILY)

DURING the last eighteen months Turkey has been the recipient of a very large amount of sympathy and encouragement in her struggle for national sovereignty. But sympathy is often blindly given to such causes, and encouragement leads not infrequently to situations one would rather not have encouraged. My own impressions of the situation as it is at present in the lands over which Turkey will shortly have complete control do not inspire me to associate myself with the protagonists of Turkey's War of Independence, be they French, British, or Turkish.

My reasons for this are simple: in every department of government or statecraft in which the Turk has declared that his sovereign rights must prevail he has shown in the recent past, and is still making it more evident, that his methods are corrupt, untrustworthy, and inefficient in the highest degree. Turkey, we have been told, defeated the Greek army in the field, advanced to the Straits, and threatened the Allied forces so effectively that her position was at once recognized. To-day her victorious army stands where it did, ready to strike at the foe. She can therefore take up her position in the comity of nations as a self-armed State capable of self-defense. But we must look at the facts.

The Greek army, after a preliminary defeat, fled incontinently in panic — a panic which became the more pronounced when it was realized that the army was to have been withdrawn in

any case. 'Why wait to fight when we can get home quicker this way?' said the Greeks. Thus occurred the victorious advance of Kemal. Had it been a great victory in the field there would have been vast masses of prisoners. In fact there were hardly a score of thousand.

And what of the victorious army of Kemal? As far as Chanak is concerned it has vanished into thin air; there are no longer Turkish divisions facing ours. The rank and file, eager to reap their harvest, have dwindled away and, despite the calling-up of new classes, there is no longer a mighty army at the Dardanelles. I have been to look for it myself, and failed to find it. There is merely a line of weak posts. The officers have gone to Constantinople to spend their time in amusement, the men have gone home. All ranks equally are unpaid, and their means of livelihood is a mystery. As a military power, then, the new Turkey differs little from the old.

Turkey, we are told, must be her own master; she must administer the laws of the land to native and foreigner alike. There must be no suggestion that her laws are not perfect or her administrators corruptible. The foreigner will get fair and equal justice with the native.

Let us take an example of the working of a law, and of its application to foreigners. Many months ago the Angora Government decided to introduce prohibition. In due course the measure was made law and it was

decided to make it effective. A date was fixed after which all wine and spirit merchants, who are mostly foreigners, and all retailers of alcohol should cease business, an exception being made only in the case of a fixed number of establishments allowed to remain open for the service of the Allied troops.

Just before the date it was announced that there would be a delay of two months. In due course the measure came up again, and again it was postponed. Each postponement was the occasion of a house-to-house visit to wine and spirit sellers and the extraction of a sum of money 'to facilitate the postponement.' Finally it was announced that July 16 had been fixed as the irrevocable date beyond which no further postponement could be made. A list of the establishments allowed to remain open was published, and it was announced that some 2500 establishments would be closed.

Within three hours of the publication of these official statements a fresh postponement was effected. But a richer harvest than usual had been gained. And so the prohibition law remains shelved, a convenient fiction for the collection at recurring intervals of a much-needed revenue for the Exchequer, which is thus increased over and above the ordinary heavy tax on alcoholic drinks.

Here, then, is a law which is typical of the ordinary nonreligious and non-sectarian laws of the land, belonging admittedly to the internal administration. The methods by which it is applied do not inspire trust or hope in the administrative future of Constantinople.

To be compared with this instance is another which more directly affects foreigners. The refusal of the foreign insurance companies to pay for the war damage at Smyrna was met by the

Turks with a threat to seize all the property of the companies in Constantinople. Here, however, the Allied forces intervened, and announced that such private property would be defended by Allied troops by force. The matter was not heard of again. But the consequence has been that by now most of the insurance companies have left Constantinople. They realize what the future has in store for them.

The new Turkey, we are told, is now organized on Western lines, and her Constitution is based upon the Parliamentary system of Occidental lands. I wonder how many people realize that the 'Parliamentary system' in Balkan lands is invariably at the mercy of anyone sufficiently strong to bend it to his own purposes. Sometimes it breaks, as it has just done in Bulgaria; usually it survives the strain and remains pliable, as in Rumania and Greece, though in such cases the title 'Parliamentary system' is a courtesy title at the best. Turkey is no exception. But she is simpler and franker. She has transformed it into a savage festival.

I had the privilege of seeing the ceremonies connected with the recent general election in Turkey. The final ballot took place in the third week in June. Voters swarmed to the ballot stations, which were gayly decked with flags. As soon as the voting was over the ballot boxes were collected from the various stations and sent to Pera to the Galata Serai. The sending of the boxes was made the occasion of a marvelous procession. Beflagged cabs and carts overfilled with those who had voted followed behind camels on whose humps were the boxes, covered with colored streamers. In front of every section of the procession fierce Lazes and Comitadjis from East Thrace danced the 'knife dance,' brandishing in each hand naked blades. At intervals were detachments of the fire

brigade, armed with rifle and bayonet, but without their engines, and companies of sailors also armed to the teeth. Fife and cymbal completed this strange and Oriental picture in the streets of Pera. Enthusiasm was everywhere, and one felt that here, indeed, was a country eager to vindicate its right to a place in the Parliamentary sun.

Perhaps one ought not be skeptical on such occasions of obvious public sincerity, but I inquired from an Ottoman subject, who had voted, what exactly the procedure had been. He told me. First of all, he said, he had received a notice from the police that he was to present himself at the voting-place at a certain hour on a certain day, with a penalty for nonappearance of twenty-five Turkish pounds (about fifteen dollars). On his appearance at the ballot station he was handed a card upon which he entered his name. The card was then registered by an official, who also 'wrote something upon it,' as he put it, and a third official then dropped it into the ballot box. 'For whom did you vote?' I asked. 'I have no idea,' he replied. The list of candidates was, as a matter of fact, only published in a very few cases.

But how well the results look to the observant foreigner! Ninety-five per cent of the whole electorate of Constantinople voted, we are told. This surely displays an enthusiasm greater by far than that at the most hotly contested general election in England. But one forgets, or is ignorant of, that persuasive fine of twenty-five Turkish pounds.

I have touched on what seem trivial matters, on what may be merely freaks of Oriental life; but they are symptomatic of the whole system, of the real savage Turk that underlies the polished Oriental who seeks admission to the League of Nations. The traditions of 1453 die hard, and everywhere it is the Orient that breaks through the frock coats and the stately gentility of the Ottoman. The country is consumed, not with a pan-Islamic frenzy, but with a nationalistic spirit that combines the defects of chauvinism with the dangers of bigotry. What little religious influence there originally was in Kemal's schism is mostly eliminated. The movement is now primarily political, and has recently begun to take upon itself a strong financial flavor. A large majority of the deputies of Angora have direct interests in the concessions about which so much polemic has raged. The religious fervor of the earlier days of the movement is over.

Those who have so eloquently pleaded the cause of the new Turkey must pause and look at what the real new Turkey is. They have brought into the world the most dreadful Frankenstein that the world has seen since the Treaty of Versailles. But it has not yet begun to move. Its creators have, indeed, assumed a deep responsibility. Already the Balkans are astir. Alliance and rearrangement are spoken of in every Balkan chancellery, and all is unrest once more. The seeds of 'sovereign rights' and 'nationalism' will be reaped as a grim harvest of war and massacre in all too short a time.

ADVENTURES IN PAPERLAND

BY AUSTIN HARRISON

From the *Observer*, July 29
(LONDON MODERATE SUNDAY PAPER)

ONCE upon a time—the traveler abroad falls unconsciously into the legendary manner—a man could go across Europe, knowing no languages, and enjoy himself; but to-day the Continent is a military zone of frontiers, policemen, and entanglements, and traveling is a rude pursuit. Right away you learn two things: first, no one wants you; second, all money, save the magic dollar and the sovereign, is paper, implying and involving one stupendous and progressive swindle of all previously known values.

In the train from the Hook to Berlin, you become a practical political economist. The same dinner, cooked by the same man, and served by the same attendants in the same train, costs forty-five cents in Germany, two dollars in Holland; a Dutch cigar costs you fifteen cents; the moment you cross that awful frontier spot called Bentheim, a better German cigar costs four cents—you are a rich man.

Such is the tourist's compensation. He is opulent. He can buy anything. He is a heavy swell. The frontier scenes are almost indescribable. There are hardly any porters. You fight your way into the customs places; you are inspected, in some places even physically examined; officials are severely rude; the police are offensive; at last you get back to your seat—to find some extraordinary folk in possession, 'profiteers,' Europe's new feudal lords; and often the only way to get a seat is to turn somebody else out. The days of the 'sentimental journey' are gone.

However, you arrive, sometimes six hours late, and once more you study political economy. In the paper countries things click; in the gold countries people are poor. You no longer see frayed suits, down-at-heel boots, pinched faces, anxious eyes. Everyone is well dressed. The restaurants hum. The shops are full of things. Before twenty-four hours have passed you understand the quantity theory of money. Where money circulates there money is. In the gold countries, where credit is good, money is scarce; hence high prices, poor people, bloated bankers, doles, and loss of trade.

Consequently, the Dutch, the Swiss, the Swedes, the Czechs, and ourselves are anxious people. Our credit flies sky-high, but internally we are poor because externally we cannot sell, whereas under paper precisely contrary conditions prevail. The paper peoples cannot buy. Their industries buzz because, money being worthless, no one saves, everyone buys; a sixth pair of boots, another dozen shirts; a seventeenth car, or another fifty pairs of wood-silk stockings. Yet all that glitters is not gold. Despite the buzz and the surface luxury, abject poverty reigns. There is no capital, and the less capital there is the more things look prosperous.

In paperland, now sixty per cent of Europe, money wealth has vanished. All first-class securities are nonexistent; the capitalist class has gone; only workers and producers plus speculators have status. The old aristocracy and

the *rentier* class have been blotted out. Germany is, financially, completely Bolshefied.

A new aristocracy has arisen — the Jews: they occupy all the big hotels in Europe. They are in possession. In Vienna, in Poland, in Germany, in Hungary, the young Jew speculator is the new *Fürstlichkeit*; he is smart, intelligent, and energetic, and he sits in the royal boxes at the operas. Money, of course, is the sole European topic, the unreality of which is the only real thing. No one discusses Reparations or even politics. Speculation is now every man's trade. Even the lift-boy sells dollars. At first foreigners speculated in marks; to-day the paper nations speculate in gold currencies. The dollar is King. You hear that word all the time, everywhere: you hear little else. On the fourth day you speculate yourself. You join the 'Black Bourse' brigade.

But, delving deeper, you find that Germany is run by capital held outside in foreign currencies — probably \$1,000,000,000. The good-will of German banks is estimated at \$750,000,000. Germany is a great potential, financially worth about \$2,500,000,000 all told; a land of dazzling tinsel underneath which professors live on \$50 a month and former countesses keep grocery shops and the middle class literally is on the streets. On paper, or forged money, life is a sort of a life: that is all one can say. As for the future, or the great end of the madness, I found no one, professor, banker, or economist, who even attempted a prophecy. Perhaps the most singular fact is this. No man complains of the gigantic robbery that has im-

poverished tens of thousands. Men who have lost \$75,000 a year do not blame the Government. All maintain that it was inevitable. If Karl Marx had lived to witness this expropriation of the 'expropriators' he would assuredly have rewritten his book.

And with easy paper, so with morals, faiths, traditions, and authority. Paper Europe lives to spend. No one believes in anything any more. Art is shock, sensation, or naked women. Goethe's Gretchen is in fairyland. An ex-saddler sits good-naturedly in the Republican saddle, and manners are Republican: the rest is Saturnalia. 'After us—anything'; that is the 'spirit' as the modern schoolgirl puts it. You can still extract a smile even from a policeman in modern Europe by mentioning President Wilson. Wine, women, and song on paper money is pretty pleasant; that is the curious result of Balkanized Europe as it whirls and dances down the slope.

The wise tourist adopts four rules. He never changes more than five dollars at a time. He travels by aeroplane. He avoids the gold countries. He lets out that he is an Englishman. Our star shines white to-day across the battle-ground of the new map, and with a Bradbury in his pocket the Englishman abroad takes his profit with the good-will of all men. Of no other nationality can that be said: the thought consoles and supports you as, landing again in England, you realize that you are a poor man on gold; for you could have flown at one hundred and forty miles an hour from Danzig to Warsaw for the price of a third-class ticket from the coast to London, plus the cab and the tips.

BERLIN IN THE SEVENTIES

BY GEORG BRANDES

[The article that follows is selected from the second volume of Georg Brandes's autobiography, which has not yet been translated into English. The Berlin he describes presents a striking contrast to the capital of defeated Germany to-day.]

THE Berlin to which I had come was the Berlin of William I, of Bismarck, and of Moltke. Six years had passed since the founding of the Empire and the city's promotion to an imperial capital. A powerful spirit of enterprise had been created, with both wholesome and unwholesome results, and eagerness to get rich quickly had captured many souls. To me personally this appeared but a symptom of passing conditions, and I was unmoved by the business unhealthiness of the time — fraudulent stock-companies and the like. I regarded these things as phenomena of growth, as by-products of big situations. Coming from an enfeebled country, whose ruling classes were demoralized by defeat in a war the causes of which they tried to extenuate or disguise, — a defeat from which recovery would be slow, — I found myself in the capital of a nation whose military victories had filled it with self-confidence.

The old Emperor, who had been so hated in Berlin after the Revolution of 1848, was now popular, even loved. All acknowledged his high regard for honor, his sense of duty, and his personal bravery — a bravery that he displayed during the battle of Königgrätz, where he dismounted and, standing in the middle of the road, brought his fleeing troops to a halt. (A pessimistic philosopher, who for three weeks had occupied the same tent with the Emperor, told me he considered him 'an ideal character.'

But it was well known that the Emperor was not as gifted in intellect as in

character. Even Bismarck recognized this. But he possessed the quality of a real ruler: he understood how to measure the worth of his Chancellor. No matter how much was done to influence him against Bismarck, he would never let him go.

The Empress was not loved. She was known to be Bismarck's enemy. She disliked him personally and disapproved of his warfare against the Catholic Church. As a young princess at Weimar she had been Goethe's pupil, and had early absorbed a cosmopolitan spirit that was not popular in the Germany of that day. She had a well-nigh challenging predilection for the French language. During the time I remained in Berlin she constantly had a French reader in attendance; first, the fine young poet Jules Laforgue, later, Gérard, who subsequently found a protector in Gambetta. Jules Laforgue was a naïve, unworldly young man who worshiped Paul Bourget. Gérard was a very cold individual who tried with insistence to get entrée into Berlin society, and sought to advance his fortunes through powerful patrons.

Bismarck stood at the zenith of his power. He was just on the point of taking leave of the National Liberals in order to join hands with the Conservatives — to give up his free-trade policy for a protective duty. With false friendliness he understood how to lure into the abyss those ministers of whom, on account of their relations with the Emperor, he could not otherwise rid himself. When he spoke in the Reichs-

tag dead silence prevailed. He never strove for oratorical effect. That eloquence which consists in flowing speech nature had denied him, nor did he seem to prize it. Usually when he addressed that body he appeared uncertain, playing with a pencil, seeking his words, feeling his way. But his genius would reveal itself now and then in a sentence so logical, so replete with vigor, so uniquely stamped, that it was unforgettable. And even when his speeches did not present any particularly strong points, they still had the merit of coming from the only man in the Reichstag whose name will be remembered for the next five hundred years.

Every foreigner of prominence could, by leaving his card at the palace of the Chancellor, receive an invitation to one of the Prince's *Bierabende*. I never sought Bismarck's personal acquaintance, any more than I thought of seeking that of Victor Hugo when I was in Paris. I said to myself that, however interesting it might be for me to obtain personal impressions of such great men, I could not be of the slightest interest to them. But I followed Bismarck's actions, speeches, and political plans with the greatest attention, and gradually I began to disagree with the Liberals' conception of him, however much I sympathized with their general policies.

When Bismarck's decisive break with Manchester principles took place, I found the kind of warfare the Liberals waged against him so unreasonable that, four years after settling in Berlin, I published an article entitled 'The Opponents of State Socialism,' in which, despite many strong reservations, I stated that he was right. I wrote: 'It is mere pedantry to say that the Government, because it leans toward religious reaction during the present economic-political contest, is unquestionably reactionary, and that the Liberals in this instance stand for progress. Quite

the contrary! Here it is Bismarck who represents the modern point of view, who stands for overturning old precedents, for initiative, for the venturesome deed; and it is the progressive parties that stand for unfruitful conservatism.'

It need scarcely be said that my article caused a veritable storm in the camp of the Liberals where I myself had erected my tent. Again and again I was attacked in Bamberger's organ, *Die Tribune*; Mommsen foamed. The many who meant me well gave me to understand that I had hurt myself beyond measure. But to the credit of my good German friends let me add that six months afterward they quite forgave my political heresies and called it quits.

On the other hand my article, which was widely reprinted with the exception of the beginning and end, — which did not flatter Bismarck, — was praised to the skies by the opponents of the Liberals. Bismarck's press bureau had it inserted in all the newspapers it controlled at home and abroad. It must have appeared to the extent of more than a million copies. Of all that I have ever written it had the widest circulation.

Count von Moltke, the Empire's second great notable and the Emperor's second paladin, I had before my eyes almost every day. His official residence was in my immediate neighborhood, in the building of the General Staff at the end of In den Zelten, where I had my home. He interested me greatly. I tried to understand his characteristics through the study of his writings. I saw his relations to Denmark in a milder light than formerly after I learned that he was of German origin and had unsuccessfully sought promotion in the Danish army, which could offer him no possibilities of advancement. Some years later I wrote a sketch

of him. The article was sent him in its original Danish as it was published in the *Illustreret Tidende*. Moltke, who of course knew Danish perfectly, replied with a polite and appreciative letter.

I have mentioned Ludwig Bamberger as an ardent opponent of Bismarck after the latter's conversion to protectionism. Bamberger was a courageous, energetic man. Owing to his participation in the revolutionary movement of 1848, he had to leave his native land when only twenty years old. He first lived in Switzerland, England, and the Netherlands, next in Paris, where in the course of thirteen years he became the head of a great banking house. His long stay in France determined his intellectual opinions. He was one of the most inspiring men one could hear or read. He was Germany's most active free-trader, and as such battled against the Conservatives and Socialists during his entire life.

His attitude toward Bismarck was interesting. His psychological insight showed him sooner than his political associates what Bismarck signified as a statesman. Irritated by the misconceptions of the French people, he published in 1868 a book in their language entitled *Monsieur de Bismarck*, for which the latter in one of his speeches said he had reason to be grateful. . . .

Another fiery antagonist of Bismarck was the great philologist and historian, Theodor Mommsen, a miracle of learning, and a man who took passionate interest in public affairs. . . .

It was not exactly a recommendation for anyone to be introduced to him as a Dane. Born a German Schleswiger and originally a Danish subject, he hated Denmark. He seemed to know all the weak points of the country and the people and none of their good qualities. In company one evening, when I was being introduced to him as a Danish writer, he remarked in words not exactly

flattering: '*Sie wissen, wenn man einen Dänen hänseln will, erinnert man ihn nur an seine Litteratur*' — 'You know, when we wish to make a Dane ridiculous, we only have to remind him of his literature.' Denmark's literature was to him her disgrace. The great admiration I felt for Mommsen's *Roman History* did not induce me to attach more weight to his offhand remarks than they were worth. His passion ran away with him and made him unjust at times.

We know with what want of moderation he, as well as Richard Wagner, expressed himself about the French people in the course of the war. Long afterward he retained his contempt for the French intellect, and in particular for French science. Outside of Paris, he said, there existed not an iota of scientific learning in France, and the least of Italian cities ranked, as scientific centres, higher than Lyon or Bordeaux.

But at the same time he detested and despised German supernaturalism, especially when this found vent in a movement against the Jews. The movement started in 1879, nine years after the war against France, just as the Jewish persecutions in 1819 followed the national uprising against Napoleon. Germans of the Jewish faith had on both occasions fought in the ranks side by side with those of the Protestant and Catholic confessions. In fact, in the Franco-Prussian war three hundred and twenty-seven Jews were awarded the iron cross for distinguished bravery. None the less, appeals were now being made to racial hatred, and Mommsen was the first and the most ardent defender of that people.

Mommsen was an enthusiastic admirer of Cæsar; critics of the great Gaius Julius were sure to get a terrible overhauling in his history. It might have been inferred that he would therefore admire Bismarck. But it was not for nothing that as early as 1857 he had

Ar-
wor-
har-
sove-
frier-
The-
such-
does-
befo-

made reservations as to Cæsarism. He hated Bismarck, and as a public man he fought him on every occasion. He saw in Bismarck only an enemy of liberty. Nor did he like Gambetta any better. Curiously enough, he saw a similarity in these two men. 'Watch their surroundings,' he said to me one day. 'Such men are best judged by their surroundings. In case of Gambetta, it is the Bohème; in case of Bismarck, something still worse.'

The splendid old man, with his sharp-featured countenance, fiery gaze, and long white hair, seemed like a true prince of scholars. But he had one weakness that he was not able to master, even in company: a few glasses of Rhine wine went to his head. On a certain evening when I was seated opposite him at table, I noticed how the wine was affecting him, and watched with increasing alarm as he again and again reached for the bottle. Finally I asked him if he did not wish some water

with his wine. But he made a quick and deprecatory movement with his hand and said: 'What for? There is enough water in the wine as it is.' That evening he sat for a long time as one unconscious, with a set gaze, and he had to be helped down the stairs and into his carriage.

That same year Mommsen arose one day in the Reichstag and began to address that body in such a confused way that his political friends quickly surrounded him and tried to drown his words, while the stenographers were asked not to make reference to what little they did catch of the speech. Out of respect for the great man the reporters did as they were asked.

Not long after that Mommsen accidentally set fire to his valuable library, with the result that a public subscription was opened in Germany in order to replace its lost treasures. It is not unlikely that on this occasion also his unhappy weakness was to blame.

EULENBURG'S INDISCREET MEMOIRS

BY ZUBERKLOSS

[The Living Age printed an extract from Philipp Eulenburg's Memoirs in its issue of July 14. The following review is taken from Count Bernstorff's weekly.]

From *Deutsche Einheit*, July 14
(HAMBURG DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY)

AFTER Waldersee, Eulenburg. First a world-famed Field-Marshal, then a harper and minstrel. The abdicated sovereign at Doorn had some weird friends when he was on the throne. The most rabid revolutionist never spat such gall and venom at Wilhelm II as does Waldersee in his Memoirs. Now, before their publication is concluded,

they are supplemented in the same spirit by the *Recollections* of Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld, that former ambassador of whom Waldersee wrote in his diary, on February 22, 1890: 'In my opinion he is the Kaiser's only real confidant.' The two were bosom friends at the time of Bismarck's fall. On March 15, Waldersee informed

his absent sub-assistant 'of everything,' and begged him 'to come immediately.' He came, and shortly thereafter Bismarck was 'Ex-Imperial Chancellor.'

This nobleman was one of the most remarkable phenomena of William's era. People have likened him to Cagliostro and to the Count of Monte Cristo. Waldersee himself relates, under the date November 18, 1891, how Eulenburg encouraged the Kaiser's interest in spiritualism during the second Norway cruise, and later held séances with him at Munich. On December 23, 1894, Waldersee observed again that it was seriously to be regretted that Eulenburg and the Kaiser were so absorbed in mysticism. He foresaw serious trouble. He added sadly, as he did on the previous occasion: 'Frederick William II and Bischofswerder!'

But Eulenburg was also a poet, a singer, a painter, a skilled pianist, a famous raconteur; he had written a drama, which was put on the stage; he was a fluent and engaging critic of pictures and tapestry; he was a champion of Gobineau and his race theory; and in addition to all that, he was a statesman, magician, Master of Robes, court fool, and jack-of-all-trades. In truth, next to Waldersee, or on an equal footing with him, he was the only confidential friend of the Kaiser — whom 'Phili' ventured to address with the fraternal *du*.

His sovereign's favor made Count Eulenburg a *Wirklicher Geheimer Rat und Exzellenz*, an ambassador, an hereditary member of the House of Nobles, a Knight of the Order of the Black Eagle, a Prince and *Durchlaucht*. Later he fell into deep disgrace, was banished from the Court, and was arrested upon a crushing charge. He was released in 1909 on account of an illness that made him irresponsible for his acts, and died in 1921. For more than twelve years he was incompetent to manage his affairs;

but none the less he remained a member of the House of Nobles up to the day that body was abolished.

To be sure, Eulenburg was no great poet-composer, like his ideal, Richard Wagner, nor was he so gifted a man as he thought when he vainly boasted that many of his songs had passed through two hundred and fifty editions, and that his *Seestern*, which really failed, had been a tremendous success on the stage, and was repeated at the wish of the Kaiser.

But it will always be recognized that he had a clever pen, that his gift for description equaled his remarkable powers of observation, and that he has left a book that is readable, entertaining, and stimulating, and a masterpiece of malice. He is incomparably the superior of the slower-witted Waldersee as a poison-pen writer. He understands how to model truly to life the figures he presents, although he often adds to them a touch of caricature. He lavishes unctuous love and reverence upon the Kaiser, the Chancellor, and the Chancellor's son, and surrounds them with a cloud of incense — through which he shoots his envenomed shafts. He poses as a buttress of the Monarchy and suspects democracy everywhere — or pretends to do so. He even charges his old comrade Holstein, the venerable gray-headed bureaucrat, with being 'a democrat at heart.' 'He even betrayed this sentiment to me. A man of his character must be a revolutionist.'

But he himself passes judgments upon monarchs and monarchist worthies as virulent as those of any revolutionist. He speaks of the 'crazy' Prince-Elector of Hesse, of 'weak-minded' Emperor Ferdinand, of the 'unfathomably stupid' Tsar — 'the most obstinate and narrow-minded man who ever sat upon the Muscovite throne!' He tells us of the 'crazy Duke of Brunswick,' of the 'unhappy' marriage of the Empress

Augusta and her tenderness for Solms and Schleinitz, of William the First's infatuation for the Countess Oriola, of the 'boundless arrogance' of Prince Albrecht, who shared the views of the Guelphs, despised his bourgeois ministers, and when he was forced to remain Regent of Brunswick became a 'crippled vulture.' He acknowledges that Ludwig II, the King of Bavaria, was mentally affected five years before he died. He ridicules the Berlin Court, which imagined itself superior to that of Weimar. He reports Princess Victoria as saying of Kaiser Frederick a few days before his death: 'If papa were not so fussy he would feel much better.'

He calls his friend Herbert Bismarck a 'nigger driver,' says the elder Moltke was avaricious, that Waldersee was an irresponsible trouble-maker and intriguer, and that his demigod, William II himself, was domineering, superficial, and changeable. . . . In a word this ultra-royalist-Knight of the Black Eagle bestows his acidulous and biting epithets with malicious delight upon monarchs and courts. He never tells us, however, that his sarcasm and scorn generally spring from personal resentment. His posthumous work is a labor of revenge.

Bismarck's giant figure dominates these Memoirs. The author tells us more of the man than of the statesman — how he ate and drank, how he acted when well and when ill, what he wore, how ignorant he was of all that pertained to art and the finer graces of life. Of course he glorifies Bismarck; but Bismarck has piercing eyes and therefore is 'half Jupiter, half Apis.' He mentions Bismarck's big feet and big coarse hands with their dirty finger nails. To Eulenburg the Iron Chancellor in his long coat and broad-brimmed hat looked a pensioned policeman, and he takes pains to tell us that Bismarck once wrote Eulenburg's

father to help him get the right to wear a cavalry officer's uniform. He describes with a vividness as convincing as it is untrustworthy how Bismarck once fell into a frenzy; and calls good old Fontaine to witness to the fact that Bismarck was a great genius but a little man. 'This giant had something petty in his make-up, and when this was recognized he fell.' In referring to Bismarck's health he says: 'It does not sound nice to say it, but I cannot refrain from remarking that it will be a difficult task in all centuries to come to cure our Germans of gorging and guzzling.'

Eulenburg characterizes the report that he contributed to Bismarck's fall as a shameless lie. When difficulties threatened the Bismarck family, he claims to have tried to reconcile the former Crown Prince with Herbert Bismarck. 'I fought like a lion for them.' He himself drafted for Prince William the remarkable proclamation to the princes of the realm that the former proposed to issue when he ascended the throne — and that Bismarck begged him urgently to burn at once. At the same time Eulenburg wrote in his diary: 'God grant that the Crown Prince William dies before the Kaiser.' . . .

After Bismarck's fall — which Eulenburg falsely asserts was condemned by everybody, although the Conservatives actually supported the Kaiser — this facile friend of all the world naturally took the royal side. His 'exceedingly sensitive nature' impelled him to this move. 'I must have had a heart of stone not to have been moved by the way the young Kaiser bore the torments of that time. He stood alone — the whole German Empire against him.' That is all his own fancy. How did the young Kaiser really bear these torments? Eulenburg was at the palace on March 17 while the Kaiser was mo-

mentarily expecting the arrival of Bismarck's resignation. William said: 'Now let 's have some music. Won't you sing?' Eulenburg sang his ballads while the Kaiser sat by his side and turned the music. 'They paid me many pretty compliments, but I listened as in a dream.' His Majesty was 'wholly absorbed and unaffectedly delighted. . . . The Kaiser whispered to me, after he had been called away a moment by his adjutant and had resumed his place at the piano: "The resignation has come, now you must sing again"!!' The exclamation points are Eulenburg's.

A few years later, when during their

Scandinavian cruise the news of Bismarck's death arrived, Eulenburg wrote in his diary under date of July 31, 1898: 'Praise God for taking the old Chancellor away at the right moment.'

There was still a long camarilla; many a statesman and many a general fell from grace, many a song was sung while the Kaiser turned the music before Eulenburg's hour at last struck.

Upon the whole this is an informing as well as an interesting book, although a critic could write a dozen essays to refute it. Like Waldersee's *Memoirs*, it is a mine for the historian and the statesman, a valuable source-work for the history of contemporary manners.

BLUE TRAINS AND BANDITS

BY A PEKING CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times*, July 18

(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE story of the Blue Train is not only entertaining in itself but highly instructive of things as they are in China at the present time. It provides us with a peep into the mentality of the Chinese brother as well as an illustration of the temptations which beset the Occidental in this Oriental land. It epitomizes the principle of the Open Door, within which all may enter who sufficiently tip the porter. It explains how the Chinese react to misrule, and describes how the foreigner behaves when transfixed upon the horns of dilemma. It is at once a tragedy and a comedy, a huge joke and a succession of melancholy facts.

Let us imagine an American purveyor of railway rolling stock close in confab

with a stout Chinese who controls the destinies of one of China's trunk lines. The one is a seller, the other a potential buyer. The seller shows pictures, extols his goods, and quotes soaring prices. The buyer marvels, waxes enthusiastic, and is almost convinced.

The seller departs to his own land rejoicing because of the good seed well sown. He leaves his affairs in the hands of experienced agents, a long-established British firm in Tientsin. The agents wait patiently, and in due time the potential buyer gives the order. It is an order for five complete trains, enameled royal blue and picked out with gold. Ten vehicles in each, sleeping-cars of steel, gorgeously outfitted in the first class, handsomely in the

second class, and comfortably in the third class. Never since China began her history in the year 4000 B.C. have there been *wagons-lits* for the coolie folk, so the Director-General had reason for pluming himself on a democratic stroke appropriate to a suckling Republic. In all, fifty vehicles, averaging in price \$100,000 Mexican each; say, £600,000 for the lot.

Now manufacturers are notoriously of a perverse generation, but wise withal. They refuse to be caught napping. Thus, when the agents rapturously cable the good news about the Blue Trains they do not hastily proceed with the work. They reply guardedly to the effect that there is nothing doing without the cash. Whereupon the agents approach the railway administration on the point of payment, and find themselves put off. Can't find ready money on such a scale — time enough to talk of payment when the goods materialize. But this is ever the Chinese way, and the agents get themselves to the great banks of the Far East, of whom they are trusted clients. Fat business is being held up for lack of a little accommodation. The railway is a big and profitable concern, showing a large annual surplus, and its obligations have always been met. It does not prove difficult to induce the bank to establish a credit authorizing the manufacturers to draw on the agents on production of the documents.

In the fullness of time the goods are shipped and the manufacturers draw the price. Then the great consignment arrives, and the bills are presented to the agents, who of course do not keep half a million sterling in their petty cash. They apply to the railway, which meantime has been divided by the militarists and the revenue halved. The railway has not a penny with which to bless itself, and the idea of paying for the Blue Trains drives the

Director-General into hysterics. So the agents go back to the bank and explain the painful circumstances, which of course are known to all the world. Meanwhile the Blue Trains are turning green and mouldy on the quays of Shanghai. So the inevitable happens, and the bank gives delivery in order that the trains may run and earn something rather than rot in idleness.

And so the Blue Trains are put to work between the Yangtze and the capital, enormously to the surprise of the globe-trotters bound for Peking, who imagined railway traveling in China was like caravanning in the desert, and cannot understand the luxury into which they have unexpectedly strayed. To foreign dwellers in the land the Blue Trains are like a dream, in which the white-caparisoned car-boys are fairies at their service. The dream has its bad side, for those who elected to travel in such glory have to pay fifty per cent extra for their tickets.

The scene changes. A wild part of Shantung, barren hills, scanty population. It is a peculiar area, the borderland where several provinces meet, and since time immemorial the haunt of robbers. In the distance are rich and populous plains which it is profitable to raid for the goods of this life and for the swollen landowners and shopkeepers who will be ransomed, and for the young concubines and good-looking daughters and little children whose relations will gladly pay the price for recovery. The business is easy and profitable, and the risks small. The authorities are lax, nay, possibly, interested in the results. If the troops come they can be bought off. If not, self defense is easy in the inaccessible mountain-tops; while if the hunt becomes too pressing it is simple to skip over the frontier into another province, where the writ of the neighboring authorities does not run. But

that seldom becomes necessary, because the whole countryside is either terrorized or in league. The information that might lead to capture is never available, and anyhow, in times of peril, the robber can strip off his telltale arms and in a twinkling be the honest farmer.

Into this region came the Blue Trains, hurtling back and forth between Peking — the seat of the mighty — and Shanghai — the abode of untold wealth. Anyone might see at the stations the richness of the interior of these heavenly colored vehicles, the high-browed foreigners traveling in them, and the numbers of the silk-gowned, who connote money by the bushel. It happened about then that the provincial troops were busy on the trail of the local bandits and rather hampering their movements. The soldiers had had no pay for eighteen months, and no doubt it suited them to put some reality into the chase in the expectation of sharing the accumulated loot. The bandits were reported to be getting anxious about the future, and the common thought is that they conceived the brilliant idea of sacking one of the Blue Trains for its riches and of kidnapping the foreign passengers, in order to secure a weapon against the troops who harassed them.

Their plans were carefully laid. We hear that they inquired from the railway workmen how the fish-plates could be removed and the rails loosened. When, one night, the Blue Train came along, the engine-driver at a certain point slowed down, whereupon the bandits opened a heavy fusillade. The engine ran over a damaged part of the line, but was not derailed, although the tender behind was and fell over on its side. The whole train came to a standstill, and then the abominable work began. To the accompaniment of the firing and the yelling, the plate-

glass windows and the gilt-edged doors were smashed with stones and rifle-butts, and the terror-stricken passengers invaded by gangs of filthy beasts whose trick is to look devilish in order to frighten.

The story of the scene of robbery and the brutal marching of unclad and barefooted people over the stones into the hills has already been told. Some of those who have been through it and have since returned will never forget the experience, or be the same in health or spirits again. One poor man, a British subject of foreign birth, was killed. One elderly man may lose his life as a consequence of the hardships endured. What the Chinese prisoners have suffered has been left out of the tale, but we know that five were shot dead because they were slow to carry out some petty order of their captors.

The deed has created a great commotion in foreign dovecotes, as well it may, for if this sort of outrage goes unpunished there will be more to follow, and in the end the foreigner will not be able to live in the land at all. The Diplomatic Body, composed of the envoys plenipotentiary of all the Powers on the earth except Liberia, took up the matter strongly, and demanded of the Government that all of the captives should be released by the next Wednesday, failing which an additional indemnity would be imposed for each day's delay. The Ministers whose nationals had been kidnapped addressed themselves personally and forcefully to the Premier.

But many are woefully dissatisfied with the steps taken. The dispatch to the scene of foreign troops, even of the volunteer companies from Shanghai and Tientsin, was fiercely advocated, while in one quarter it was announced that a file of foreign soldiers ought to have been sent to the provincial capital of Chihli to arrest the

Field-Marshal Tsao Kun, as being the principal officer responsible.

But we are faced in this country with facts that cannot be overlooked. For instance, as a result of the Washington Conference all the interested Powers agreed to refrain from intervention in the internal affairs of China. Again, there are not enough foreign troops here to permit of the sending of armed detachments into the interior. While to attempt arresting a general in his own yamen, surrounded by two divisions of his own troops, is too Gilbertian to be considered.

Nevertheless, it is the case that foreigners everywhere in the interior are seriously disturbed and anxious about their property, their women, and their children. China is overflowing with undisciplined troops who have no respect for defenseless civilians, whether native or foreign. Nearly every prov-

ince is infested by hordes of brigands, who loot, burn, and murder almost without interference. The troops are practically unpaid and they are known to supply the brigands with arms and ammunition. A great proportion of the brigands are disbanded soldiers. A considerable proportion of the troops are bandits who have been incorporated in the regular forces in order to put a stop to their depredations.

It is impossible to overpaint the situation, or to close our eyes to the certainty that the outrage on the Blue Train will encourage the bandits everywhere else in China to similar attacks on foreigners. Nothing short of international action of a decided character will serve to restore the respect for foreigners established by the Boxer Expedition and maintained until the rise of the militarism which has destroyed all responsible authority in this country.

CHINA IN SEARCH OF A NEW MORALITY

BY ANDRÉ DUBOSCQ

[The author of this article, which has been abbreviated for space considerations, is a staff writer and political correspondent of Le Temps.]

From *Le Correspondant*, June 25
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMIMONTHLY)

CONFUCIUS thus traces the portrait of a wise man: 'The sage is not a narrow specialist, but a person capable of many things. He never teaches what he has not first practised. He is frugal in his diet, modest in his mode of life, resolute in action, and prudent in speech. He is contented with the station that Heaven gives him, nor does he repine for something different. He does not complain

if his merits are overlooked or his services forgotten. He reasons that since he knows but few of the great multitude of men, he cannot expect them to know him, nor can he render them great individual service.'

This reflects Confucius's famous theory of a middle course: 'No sympathy, no antipathy, no prejudices, no unshakable convictions, no obstinate

determination, no emphasis of the self. . . . Never indulge in extremes, for too much or too little are equally bad. Always follow the middle course.'

Passing over the exponents and interpreters of the teachings of Confucius, from Mencius, in the third century before Christ, to the introduction of Buddhism during the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, under the Tsing dynasty Chinese ethics were precipitated, so to speak, in a final code of conduct contained in the six books of the Emperor Yung Cheng. This code promises a peaceful and comfortable life to those who practise the Imperial morality. There is no punishment after death, and no future life; respect for one's parents, industry, and thrift are the three roads to happiness.

We recall thus briefly these preliminary facts in the ethical history of China, because they form the background of that country's present distress of spirit. To-day China is seeking a new moral code. It is not to be the work of any single philosopher or scholar, but of the new generation, which has studied abroad, or has made the culture of the whole world the object of its study at home. The ethics of discontent and the strenuous life are to replace the reposeful teachings of Confucius. To quote from one of these younger writers:—

'Be the seeds of a new life. Be the agents of a revolution. For the sake of this assert your freedom as men. Shake off your shackles. Ours is the age of emancipation — of civil, religious, and financial emancipation. Woman is being emancipated from the yoke of man. Be progressive and aggressive. We need men of action, men of enterprise, men of energy. Imitate Christopher Columbus instead of Tolstoi and Tagore. Our era is an era of positivism, of liberty, of equality.'

Let me quote further the following

passages from a textbook used in the grammar and secondary schools: 'The first object of moral discipline is to distinguish good from evil; and then to judge the conduct of one's self and one's neighbor by this standard. We must have a standard. What is that standard? It is the ultimate object of human life. Whatever conforms with this is good. Whatever contradicts it is evil. What is the ultimate object of human life? Some say it is to satisfy our desires. Others say that it is to develop our reason. We say that it is to do constantly what our inmost self conceives as the ideal. To do this is to fulfill all our duty and to practise all the virtues.'

After developing this theme and relating it with the teachings of Confucius and his successors, this manual goes on to say: 'The morality of Europe and America derives its strength from being rooted in the religions of the people. These religions assert in principle that man should obey the will of a spirit, in order to avoid evil and to do good, to deliver himself from his sins and their punishment, and to obtain peace and felicity in a future life. Certain of our wise men have declared almost the same thing of Heaven, in practically the same words as the Europeans and the Americans, but with this difference, that their punishments are of this world, and not of another world. That is the great difference between them and ourselves. We live in this world and for this world. Our morality is designed for this world, and we do not relate it with any divinity. Neither do we seek our ideal in a foreign religion. We must have an ideal, to be sure, but we must find it in our own race. As a master and model of the past and future generations, there is none equal to Confucius.'

In the field of applied morals the

themes developed in this textbook include regard for the public weal, social amenities, school attendance, paying taxes, obeying the law, defending the fatherland. As to the latter the following is taught: 'It is the duty of every man to defend his country. He ought to be loyal and faithful to it. This loyalty is a natural gift received from Heaven. We possess it without learning it. It is part of what Mencius called inborn duty. During recent years our country has often suffered outrage and violence from foreigners, and we have abundant reason to hate them. . . . If our people wish to punish foreigners for these wrongs and to conquer them in their turn, they must first make a single heart out of the hearts of all citizens of China. When we lived a life of national isolation soldiers were not needed except to suppress domestic insurrection. Now we live in an age of international relations, and we need soldiers to prevent our country from being insulted and attacked. . . . Only two races of men are entitled to be called strong — the yellow and the white. The great contest, therefore, lies between these two. We Chinese belong to the yellow race. Unless we progress, if we allow ourselves to become feeble, if we succumb to the pressure of the white race, will not the result be deplorable?'

We have just read: 'As a master and model of past and future generations, there is none equal to Confucius.' However, a popular Chinese review, the *New Youth*, declares: 'Buddhism and Christianity have produced and are producing men far superior to the great men of Confucianism. Why, therefore, do we make it a command in our Constitution to venerate Confucius and him exclusively? It is right to insist that our four hundred million Chinese obey the Constitution, for that document is the foundation of

our government; but by what right do we bid them to venerate Confucius? . . . We are living in an age of liberty, equality, natural science, and fraternity among nations. The world is becoming uniform. We see an age approaching when everything will be the same everywhere. Now the people of other countries may endorse certain ideas of Confucius, but not his theories of government, of the family, and still less the code of ethics that is ascribed to him but was really devised long before his age. His idea of filial piety is not applicable in the modern world. Neither are his notions of government, for the sage regarded the common people as incompetent minors. We can no longer tolerate subordination of the wife to her parents-in-law, then to her husband, and after that, in case she becomes a widow, to her son.'

On the other hand, we read elsewhere: 'We should above all things revive and strengthen the family spirit among our people. Loyalty, justice, patriotism, and charity should be taught to children from their earliest years. Now these virtues can only be inculcated in the family. We must also try to cultivate a religious sentiment. From whatever point of view we consider it, that sentiment is an important prop of public order. It admonishes men to observe traditions, routine, and regular habits. Experience has demonstrated a hundred times that it is impossible for a nation to prosper without religion.'

And in another journal: 'Religious experience is a necessity for many people, as much as material satisfaction and intellectual pleasure. . . . Living upon a microscopic planet, lost in the immensity of the solar system, which itself is but a tiny ring in the Milky Way, I cannot escape a certain religious sentiment, although I profess no particular religion. In any case, I

cannot join the chorus of those who assert that there is no God — that the Divine does not exist in the universe.'

In a word, the young Chinese are far from being in accord with the traditional code of ethics of their country. Differences of view with regard to religion *per se* are less apparent — and even exceptional. Confucius fell into the error of assuming that the patriarchal régime would satisfy mankind forever. The dogma of filial piety has been the corner stone of a government that has lasted for centuries. The nineteenth article of the Chinese Constitution declares: 'The educational programme of the country shall treat the teaching of Confucius as the tap-root of moral life.' The repeal of this article has been the subject of much debate. This is not an important practical question, since the permanent constitution is not yet in effect. But Confucianism itself is always a timely topic.

The number of Chinamen who are pondering upon modern problems, and the application of these problems to China and the rest of the world, has grown rapidly of recent years. A progressive movement has started that will never cease. A new patriotism is being taught. In a recent article in the *Students' Review* a contributor asks: 'What is patriotism? It is ardent love put at the service of one's country. Patriotism is the soul of the nation. A people without patriotism does not deserve to exist.'

In another periodical a young man writes: 'I lost my mother two years ago. At that time I observed many things in our funeral customs that made me indignant. For instance, my relatives insisted that I must lay off my fur garments. Why are furs prohibited during the period of mourning? Who can give a rational answer

to this question? Are there not better ways of proving one's filial affection than by taking cold? I should prefer to follow the example of a certain Li, who confined his mourning to baking a thousand cups of the finest porcelain, each of which bore this inscription: "My dying mother said to me: 'My son, never forget the outrage perpetrated on our country by Japan at the time of the Twenty-one Demands.'"'

Little by little a new spirit is being formed among the young students of China. It may be a spirit of hatred for the whites, but it is simultaneously love for the fatherland. We are not so simple as to imagine that Young China is ready to endorse en masse all the views we have quoted. We know that while these young people are filled with excellent aspirations, they are also saturated with errors, both ancient and modern. They feel not only the thrill of patriotism but also the power of many doctrines, even the most subversive, imported from all the world, and particularly from Europe. One reads in the same reviews articles representing the most contrasting tendencies and teachings. The utmost confusion prevails in the general groping toward a better social organization, as well as toward a higher moral code.

It will be many years before the ideas now in solution crystallize into generally accepted doctrines, and begin to leaven the minds and imaginations of the great inert masses. Intellectual faculties stagnant for ages are in full fermentation. The rising generation is agitated as with a fever. It is running hither and thither seeking new social utopias. It is uprooting ancient traditions and abolishing ancestral customs. Meanwhile, what do the inert masses think? *Siao sin* — 'Be prudent' — as Confucius commands!

A DISCIPLE

BY ALBERT KINROSS

From the *English Review*, June
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

I HAD come back again to London, to the humdrum round — office and club, club and office, the same people, the same tasks, the same dinner-parties with bridge to follow, the same golf on the same Sundays. Sometimes I caught myself chuckling over those stolen weeks: I was, at least, ahead on them. Yes, I had seen the Alps again, an odd fancy, and Pæstum, and Girgenti. I had given myself up to fancies, to old longings, to the wistful things one dreams of, sighing, 'If!' There had come to me a small legacy, and I had spent it.

One of my diversions had been to visit Weimar. That, again, was a long-nursed dream. Goethe repels you, or else he holds. Me he had always fascinated. I could never see the coldness in him, the polished egotism. Hard as a stone new from the lapidary, and as smooth, is one reading. But the man was different: one has but to take the *Elegies*, or else *Eckermann*. There was warmth behind the polish, there was a heart — volcanic! And so I had ended my pilgrimage at this great shrine, to me the greatest.

I lingered, and I found a fellow-worshiper. He might have been the cause of this delay. You may guess that one has a curiosity, and often a weakness, when one finds a passion shared, or the same complaint. Patients discuss their symptoms; so we discussed Goethe. He was Davidson's mania and mine. Yet here was a man, whole-souled and all-devoted, a veritable watcher by the tomb, while I — I

had only taken a holiday, was only suffering a transient acuteness of the thing, and to-morrow would find me deaf to these enthusiasms. Not, perhaps, stone-deaf, but merely deaf. In London, at the office, at the club, who could afford to dabble in Goethe openly? In stocks, in bonds, in shares, perhaps, but not in Goethe.

And now I was home again, going the same round, my dreams fulfilled. It made something else to think of; and often I caught glimpses of the little city dreaming on, full of old-fashioned people, of pilgrims coming and going as I had come, of sleepy tradespeople and informal hotels, with a grand duke presiding over its destinies — Goethe's grand duke's lineal heir. It was something to know I had seen the poet's tomb; it was something to know I had followed his daily way, crossing the park to his cottage by the Ilm, treading the rooms of his mansion in the town, stooping over manuscript and writing-table, almost as he had stooped. One stood so very close to him, to all the ardors of that crowded life!

First of all came the poet, and afterward my mind would settle on Davidson, leechlike, drawing blood from him. He was the true worshiper, who had renounced all else for service: I merely the Sunday guest who passes an hour in prayer and then moves on. I sit here, pondering over him, piecing his story together, unraveling it. One moment he is tragic, another ludicrous — ivy clinging to the monument, parasitic or pitiful. He was so small,

so white-faced, and so feeble: so passionate with that — the nature of a child!

We had met casually in the restaurant of an hotel. When I was done with the English paper, would I let him have it? he began; and after that we talked. I met his wife, their friends, I saw the city as it was — old-world and somnolent, with a society that moved ceremoniously through a life that was minuet. All went to slow music here: you took tea at a house, and it was an occasion; you paid a call and it was ritual. I remembered Heine's impatience with the life, in no way changed. Indeed, I felt it too; but then, I argued, it was their nature, their way, and may have been born with their fine pride and their penuriousness, for Weimar is a city of the proud and poor. Leave out its memories, its significance, and you are among a people that has not yielded, that will not budge. No one dares jostle them, or trouble them with the irreverent word; the wit and the parvenu are alike excluded from this tremulous hospitality.

But what was Davidson, an Englishman, doing with them? I asked. And in the months that have gone by I have found an answer, whence I hardly know. From him, his wife, her family, from others that spoke of him, or from myself? One pieces things together, and one fails. One tries again and yet again. It may so happen that one arrives.

He was from a stubborn county, the son of a successful father, a man of business and self-made. Now such a man requires children like himself, who will continue the line and its prosperity. Davidson was earmarked for this purpose — the selling of ironmongery and its manufacture, its distribution over continents. As a boy he was sent abroad to pick up languages. Those

were the days of happiness and ease. He learned good German, ignoring its commercial aspects; he learned Italian, and discovered Dante. But Goethe was his star; and Goethe breathes no word of ironmongery and the trade that it may make, the potent cities that it has built.

The boy came home and was pronounced unfit. He quailed before the tasks demanded of him, the cold contemptuousness that accepted his failure, the tongues that first lashed and then ignored. He tried to explain that he had other ideas about himself. To his father, however, there could be but one idea. Outside successful trade was spread the wilderness. One pities the old man, defeated by such a son. He thanked Providence that he had begotten others. Then came a day when Davidson took his life in his hands and went to London.

He had fled, he had burned his boats, and even sunk his name. So Goethe would have done, he had persuaded himself. He came out of that experience untainted by the deeps of it; for, see, he had no vice. He was in the gutter — very much in the gutter — when he met Riviere, who befriended him. The two men had come together at a public auction. First editions were being sold and autograph manuscripts, the treasures of a great collection. A remark of Riviere's was corrected by Davidson. The fellowship of such a place made light of their circumstances. They fought, they argued, and Davidson won. Naturally, for it was his subject — Goethe.

Riviere possessed that microbe, too — was under the same spell, but with a difference. He could afford it; Davidson could not. That link held them bound for an hour; then it was time for luncheon. Riviere was one of those romantics who follow their impulses, if need be to the bitter end.

There was not much bitterness involved in asking so shabby a guest as Davidson to take luncheon, yet the act was on a level with Riviere's last impulse of all. You may remember his end? it was in a duel that seemed incredible to us at home, who have abandoned such ordeals, that summary method of testifying to our sincerity. He knew the risk he ran, and ventured. In something the same spirit he must have picked up Davidson and stood the tattered creature upon well-shod feet. I should love to furnish a description of that scene: Riviere building up Davidson from the very socks, providing him with linen, giving him food and shelter, money in his brand-new trouser-pockets, and enjoying every thrill of it.

Nor was it the passing impulse of a frivolous rich man. The bond lasted. Davidson was free to describe himself as 'secretary,' as 'librarian,' the which he did proudly for seven faithful years. I think Riviere, with all his wildness, must have come to a very real tenderness for the little man, something unusual and even tinged with the heroic. There had been no asking on Davidson's part, no trickery, he had refused almost as much as he had accepted. 'I did n't want to impose upon him,' was how he formulated it.

They held together till the end came — till an old, unhealed passion of Riviere's broke out again. But the girl was married now: that made the difference. She was an Austrian, and her husband had the last word in it — a pistol bullet that shattered Riviere's chest, leaving Davidson alone to bear the tragedy. He buried his patron and stood broken-hearted, facing an empty world, his breast shattered too. The people of those parts had pitied him.

Riviere's death, when he looked round again, had given him his freedom. In that disordered life there had been sanity as well as folly. Davidson

was left with a sufficient sum to meet all future needs. It was securely invested, but he could not touch the capital or mortgage this income in advance. A child might have despoiled him, and Riviere knew that and had provided against it.

When the old landmarks go, a man is driven in upon himself, and from his own resources he must create the morrow. So, in this hour of need, Davidson turned to Weimar. An instinct led him there, or a passion unassuaged: it was the one thing clear that had survived the shock, the one thing stable that had endured; and all these years he had wanted to go, had planned to go, and had come no further. He went without object, without purpose, perhaps somewhat like a wounded animal. With Lewes's *Life* in his hand and Düntzer in his trunk, he made the journey.

He knew no one in the place, was without introductions; he knew his Goethe and that was all. There are, of course, openings for such a man — societies, institutions — but so far he had not come to these and was most mystically alone. He haunted the shrines, he walked the woods. The fine spring weather took hold of him; he talked sometimes to children and very much to himself, unaware that he was observed, that Weimar, like all small places, was making its own legend of him.

Those first months had a filminess, superterrestrial; the common world was lost in them, or only recovered with a start. But he was mending. The peace, the tranquil freshness of these new surroundings, were giving him vigor, and he had leisure now, and calmness and abundant ease. Riviere's urgent career had mostly lent him none of them; he recognized the fever in that life, so early closed, whose law had been his law, whose unrest his, whose

triumphs and whose terminations. Now he took Goethe's motto, 'without haste, but without rest.' He browsed upon the masterpieces and lived within the magic circle of their light. Perhaps it is too fine an atmosphere. He had built a library of his own around him, and that and the solitudes outside were now his world.

Thus mystically engrossed, he became aware of a face. It grew from big blue eyes that had surprised him; it achieved completion. A nose was added, lips, and chin, and brow. That perfect image entered in his dreams. There was a woman in this city fit for kings. A glimpse of her would fill him for a day, set his heart beating to a tune, his fancy roaming. Humble, he always saw her from afar; he placed her upon thrones and knelt to her; she might not know of him — never, oh, never, would she know of him — but he dared venture a brief glance at her. He had become an inmate of the age of chivalry. Goethe, his books, his exercise, were all enlivened by this undertone.

One evening, in a café where a band played, she arrived with her father and mother and they bore down upon him. He had a table to himself, yet there was room for others, and the gentleman of the party had perceived this. The custom of that country is to bow and ask permission. Davidson's heart was beating above these compliments, yea, above the orchestra. He removed his hat and cane from a chair and apologized. There was nothing to apologize for; it was natural, they said. During an interval the gentleman spoke to him again. Ordinary politeness mingled with curiosity as they conversed. The ladies listened attentively. They were interested. Something they all seemed to know about him; for Weimar had made its legend, the stranger had been discovered. . . .

He had heard her voice at last, and to-night he had seen her; not from afar, but disturbingly at hand. On leaving she had bowed to him, a personal inclination. Perhaps when they met outdoors she might bow again.

This was the beginning. The acquaintance ripened. Within a week he and the Baron had exchanged cards over a table at the Jungbrunnen; a few days more, and he had been presented formally at a public place; and next he received an invitation to the von Bistrams' home. That was not the name; the quality is unchanged, the rest forgotten. Sometimes one wants to forget, and here is an instance. . . . It had all come about suddenly, the unheard-of, the undreamt, without a word of foreknowledge or preparation.

There was no one to warn him. He knew nothing of these people. Perhaps he might have guessed that they were poor and desperately placed; but a man in love is generous. The whole world swims in sunshine, in an optimism. For them he had nothing but gratitude; and if they had mentioned their debts and the pressure that had to be out-faced, often brazenly — well, it is not the way of such people to mention these things. Their game was, rather, to the contrary.

I do not think that they had set out deliberately to trap him; but the project, once realized, must have been inevitable. He simply asked for it. It was plain that the girl had produced an impression; it was plain that the little fellow had money; it was just as plain that one could be had for the other, and more than that.

In such a predicament it is cruel to speak of love; yet what other word can one apply? He had come to them with a freshness, almost a virginity; there had been nothing in his life like this before. Neither at home in England,

nor during the abject years from which Riviere had taken him, nor later, when he was driven and preoccupied. His youth seemed to be claiming dues, long owing, like the von Bistrams' debts.

I have seen a portrait of this girl; she still stands framed upon his writing-table, within reach of eye and hand. No casual glance would spell from it her malady. She has the fineness of a stock outworn, a little too much fineness; but the indwelling rare spirit of her is unmistakable, the sweetness, too. Beauty shadowed by a cloud might part describe her; and, looking deeply in that face, one sees a mirrored fear. Life presses on such people; they lack the strength to cope with it or with themselves. Small wonder that a brain thus overborne had proved uncertain.

Davidson saw the threadbare lodging in which she lived. He was given the free run of it, and met such friends as had stayed loyal to the Bistrams in their later phase: a battered comrade of the Baron's old regiment, flyblown gentlemen, revolving memories of wine and play and little women. They came sometimes with their ladies. Would any of these tell him that Minna had twice been put away, shut up till the darkened mind recovered? That he was to be 'landed,' to be victimized? Rather they would dwell on this new source of credit. He seemed doomed to wed into a family that would prey upon him; he seemed doomed to spend the rest of his life on the abyss, gazing down into horrors.

His courtship prospered: the thing came naturally, like evening and the first white star. One moment it was day; the next they had crossed over into a solemnity. The girl, at least, was not in the conspiracy. Sex is conspirator enough, the arch-plotter, dramaturge.

She must have had her hours of fear, urgings to confession, falterings, questionings, never put plainly, never quite faced. She would not name the day; she had accepted him, but she prolonged the wooing. Often she struggled, arguing against herself: he should marry somebody stronger, richer, with more health. She had persuaded and weakened; she had fled from him and come back to him; she had postponed and been whimsical; she had fought and she had yielded, the enemy always herself. He witnessed these struggles and was sure that he could heal them. They shot with pain the perfect days when she closed her eyes, was all his own, sorceress and queen of him.

I have spoken of friends, the loyal few. There is one who is outstanding. Linda von Essen was not too young a woman; old enough, indeed, to live in an apartment of her own with a maid. She was an orphan, she was independent, rich for Weimar. This may explain why she was free to step in where others held aloof. Here was an intimacy dating from Minna's childhood. She knew everything, which may account for her forgiveness of her friend, and even her admiration of the victim. She had always dreamed of such a lover — of one, nobly blind, artless and selfless, touched with this divine simplicity. Her favorite heroes had that quality. Now she encountered it, and stood her ground. She would be heroic, too. But she might watch over him; the day might come when he would need her watching.

For Davidson this woman had a different interest, and yet almost as strong a one — more powerful, maybe, in its impersonality. Her face — it is Goethe's face tuned to the feminine — the same luminous eyes, the same serenity of brow. The poet had been a visitor at her great-grandfather's house,

and it is an open secret in Weimar that the blood of the von Essens is the blood of Goethe. Davidson had seen the likeness without being told. Frau von Embs, who is Linda's sister and even more like Goethe, denies it; but Linda is proud of the distinction. And that, in a small and rather Puritan town like Weimar, requires courage.

The wedding-day was fixed. Davidson had bought new clothes, and the honeymoon was to be spent in the Bavarian Highlands. The wedding-day arrived. At nine o'clock that morning Minna von Bistram had her third and last seizure. She ascended to the roof of the house in which her parents had a small apartment. Escaping notice, she had gone up there alone. When they found her on the stones below, she was broken beyond recovery, but still conscious. . . . Davidson heard of it at his barber's. The man, a newcomer in Weimar, entertained him with the story. Minna recognized him before she died.

'Oh, I am happy,' she said; 'before now I have always been unhappy.' He did not understand that; but then he does not understand the second part of *Faust* and yet he knows it line by line and word for word. It did not much matter what she said as long as it was she who said it. For many a month afterward the little man went lifeless, broken too upon the stones of a far-off yard below. As with Riviere's end, he shared this other and more poignant one. It seemed his destiny to fix his heart on the inane.

Now it was Linda's turn to prove her worth. I have seen them in their home, that quiet woman following him with the eyes that are so like Goethe's, one with him in all his enterprises, his com-

mentaries and speculations. I know little more of them. He must have come to her and she been waiting for him. He must have come to her like a tired child, finding in her immense sanity, her perfect health, her superb tolerance, the peace which one may find in Nature. In the end he married her; it is she who is now his wife. And as to the Bistrams? His simplicity, his honesty, had won even them; and to-day the Baroness — the Baron is dead — to-day the Baroness regards him as a son.

I saw the grave where Minna lies buried. I went with him one day when he put flowers upon it.

And now I am back again in London, while Davidson stays on, fixed there, anchored. You may meet him in the Museum, at the Archives, or in the garden-house, or strolling in the park. One has one's fancies of such a man and of the power of his devotion. Sometimes I follow his life and see the master laying hands on it at every turn; and the writing of it down has only made me see more plainly. They tell such stories of the saints: why not of the heroes — I echo the Carlylean term — why not of Goethe? For it was he who used Riviere to bring Davidson out of the gutter and give him an independence; and after the first stroke it was to Weimar that Davidson turned and was mended; and when he was about to part with what he had gained, he was saved from that; and, at the end, what Goethe could not heal with the spirit he healed with his own flesh and blood. There are people who allow so much to obscure saints; then why not to the genius of a nation, its supreme instance, even though he lived within our day?

PASCAL AND HIS BOOKS

BY PAUL SOUDAY

[The 300th anniversary of the birth of Blaise Pascal was celebrated by two formal gatherings in France. One was at the Puy-de-Dôme, where Pascal carried out some of his famous experiments with the atmosphere, and where President Millerand unveiled a monument in his memory. The other was at Clermont-Ferrand, his birthplace, where the chief speakers were M. Bérard and M. Maurice Barrès. M. Paul Souday, the author of this article, is literary critic of *Le Temps*.]

From *Le Temps*, June 21 and 28
(SEMI-OFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

PASCAL was born on June 19, 1623, at Clermont-Ferrand. The chance of the calendar has caused his third centenary to coincide with Renan's first centenary, so that in the centuries to come it will always be necessary to commemorate these two great men in the same year. There is a good deal of philosophy in their juxtaposition. Certainly they differ profoundly one from another, yet it must not be supposed that Renan might not have held almost Pascal's opinions if he had been born in the first part of the seventeenth century, and that Pascal might well have held the opinions of Renan if he had lived in the nineteenth century. There would always remain a sharp difference in their temperaments. Renan would rather have resembled Fénelon or Richard Simon, or Malebranche, and it is a little hard to say whom Pascal would resemble to-day, for none of our contemporaries can be compared to him.

There are those who lay claim to this position without, in our opinion, having any right to it—as, for example, the exponents of the philosophy of intuition and feeling. Let them reread the beginning of Pascal's *L'Art de persuader* and they will see that there are two avenues by which opinions are received into the mind,

but that the only one worthy of a man, the only one that conforms to nature, is the way of understanding, and that the other is 'low, unworthy, and foreign' to human nature, since one must never accept anything but demonstrated truths. Pascal, no doubt, does say also that he is 'not speaking of divine truths'; that he knows God 'has willed that these should find their way from the heart to the mind, and not from the mind to the heart, in order to humiliate this glorious power of reasoning.' But it is only as a true believer that he makes this exception. He would not have made it if he had ceased to believe. In our days, then, Pascal would probably have been an intellectualist, and the most powerful supporter of reason. The pragmatists, be it said with due respect, would not cut so wide a swath to-day if he were assailing them with those downright strokes that in his own time he employed against the Jesuits.

What no one seems to have seriously disputed is that Pascal, by a kind of heaping-up of ability with which nothing else can be compared,—at least in degree,—was a man of extraordinary genius, or rather of two extraordinary geniuses. There have been, especially during the Renaissance, minds still more universal than

his (for Pascal was a stranger to the arts), but these were minds which did not push on so far in all directions. In spite of the limitless suggestions of his hieroglyphic notes, Leonardo da Vinci was primarily a painter. Goethe was interested in everything except — by his own confession — in religious questions, which he despised, but his scientific work is not comparable to that of Pascal.

In all this I rely on the opinion of competent judges. J. Bertrand, in general sufficiently ill-disposed toward him, recognizes in his chapter on *Pascal géomètre et physicien* that, in the field of engineering science, 'he had no superior. Neither had he any in the field of letters. The whole world recognizes that there has never been a greater prose-writer in our language.' Nisard and Brunetière prefer him even to Bossuet, for whom, as is well known, they both had a veritable cult. Madame de Sévigné describes a conversation in which Boileau 'lauded the ancients, with the exception of a single modern writer who, in his opinion, surpassed both ancient and modern writers. This unique modern was Pascal.' Voltaire bowed before his genius, even though combating his ideas. The title of '*écrivain de génie*' is not denied him by his most furious enemy among the laity, Joseph de Maistre. And yet this glory, which there is none to deny, rests, if we except a few letters and minor works, on two volumes only — one of which is an *ouvrage de circonstance*, the other, a simple posthumous collection of scattered notes and fragments.

Everything is prodigious in the career of this admirable yet unfortunate Pascal who died at thirty-nine, after having suffered almost constantly from sicknesses which alone would have been enough to render his work difficult, even if he had not been

hampered by an absolute asceticism. As is well known, the *libido sciendi* is the second — and not, it would appear, the least — of the three lusts condemned by the Apostle Saint John, by the *Imitation of Christ*, by Bossuet, and by all the Fathers of the Church. That is why Pascal abandoned mathematics and physics in order to devote himself wholly to eternal things; and still less would he have dreamed of literary labors, if he had not been driven into them by the service of God. Short though the time was that he gave to the pursuits of science, it was long enough to enable him to make marvelous discoveries, and from the moment when he took up his pen his incredible spirit of renunciation could no longer hinder him from becoming a great writer. In the *Mystère de Jésus* he makes Christ say to him: 'Thou wouldst not seek Me hadst thou not already found Me.' In exactly the opposite way, without having sought it at all, he found the way to write two of the masterpieces of our literature.

He undertook to write the *Provinciales* in 1656, only out of zeal for sound doctrine, — or what he thought was such, — when it was attacked by the Molinists and the Sorbonne; but he had sufficient grace, genuine and vigorous, and he had indeed all the necessary graces and the vigor to render his *petites lettres* immortal. Yet they were nothing but articles on topics of the day, which appeared in miserable little sheets that were sold for two sous and would have appeared in some newspaper if there had been any newspapers in those days. Yes, the author of the *Provinciales* was a journalist, and Voltaire was another one. We journalists have colleagues who do honor to the profession.

In journalism the one talent required before everything else is that of rendering vivid and interesting for the public

the questions of the day — even those which do not present in themselves anything of extreme interest. If there was ever an especially arid subject, it is that sempiternal controversy over the question of grace, which through centuries has set so many holy fathers and doctors by the ears, and caused so many heresies without having ever been solved — perhaps because it is insoluble. If we cannot escape sin without the grace of God, then we are not free. If we are free, then grace and redemption are useless. It has always been difficult to reconcile divine omnipotence with human liberty. The theologians have heaped up the most forbidding subtleties over this question, and I do not pretend to say that Pascal himself has always rendered the question by any means pellucid. He has at any rate rendered it amusing, which to us profane folk of the twentieth century is the same thing, and he has succeeded in interesting not merely his first readers in the quarrel between the Jesuits and the great doctor Arnauld, but also the men of to-day, after the lapse of more than two hundred and fifty years.

There are undeniably few questions of less importance to us moderns than the question whether the five propositions attributed to Jansen and condemned by Rome really appeared in the book of that Bishop of Ypres entitled the *Augustinus*, which Sainte-Beuve was doubtless the only man to open during the nineteenth century. Merely to open it seems to us the summit of curiosity. Yet we still laugh over these battles in the clouds, and Jansen, from whom we should flee in terror if he were brought back to earth and threatened us with a sermon, becomes a sympathetic person simply because Pascal would have it so. Not often has the press had such success.

D'Alembert preferred the *Provin-*

ciales to the *Pensées*. It is a likely opinion enough, and can even be supported. In the first place, the whole moral part of the *Provinciales* is of definite solidity, and could not be more seriously treated. One cannot say so much for the chief thesis of the *Pensées*. Moreover, although they are a mere collection of letters or articles, the *Provinciales* have a certain unity. They constitute a book, or almost a book. The *Pensées*, on the other hand, are nothing but a heap of notes and fragments, which all the editors have striven to classify without any one of them finding a satisfactory order — for it is impossible to find one. Most of these fragments were materials for an *Apologie de la religion chrétienne*, but there is a fairly large number that bear no relation to this general design. A good many others, which in the author's intention are connected with the main purpose, can nevertheless be considered separately, and these are not the least remarkable. In the whole there are sublime beauties, and there are also repetitions, obscurities, or incoherences, whether because of circumstances or for lack of aptitude. The great Pascal has not left a single work that is strictly composed, and perhaps the gifts of synthesis, order, and intellectual architecture were not those that he possessed in the highest degree. His genius, even in the field of science, proceeded by flashes of insight, by moving from one point to another into its profundities, rather than by large constructions or broad perspectives. It is in this respect that it is to be distinguished from Descartes's work.

It is well known, however, through his nephew, Étienne Périer, who wrote the preface of the bowdlerized Port-Royal edition, and through Filleau de la Chaise, that Pascal did conceive a plan, and these two commentators — who are clearly in accord with one

another — mapped out its chief outlines from conversations between Pascal and some of his friends at Port-Royal in 1658.

Is the logical concatenation genuinely rigorous? One does not always see where one portion or another would have found its place in the scheme, and the editors have also been in difficulties. One fact at least seems established: the work would have begun with a study of human nature. Pascal was as hostile as Descartes to scholasticism and the scholastic method. He specifically disapproved of St. Thomas Aquinas; for he had no idea of deducing an abstract and *a priori* theology, but he had no greater confidence in metaphysics — not even Cartesian metaphysics. He says, 'The metaphysical proofs of God are so withdrawn from the reason of man and so involved that they have little force.'

In his task he had himself destroyed the classic proofs for the existence of God, just as the author of the *Critique of Pure Reason* was to do. He relied only on 'moral and historic truths and certain feelings that come from nature and experience.'

According to Filleau de la Chaise he is in some respects very modern. His study of man is a magnificent thing in itself, quite independently of the conclusions that he seeks to draw from them. It is here that he rises into the first rank among the great moralists and great poets that have meditated on our destiny. Who does not recall these phrases, these apostrophies, these lyric raptures: 'Man between two infinities'; the 'little cell where he is lodged, by which I mean the universe,' a mere point in immensity; and the worlds which are included within a maggot, within the 'fragment of an atom'; the famous 'thinking reed'? The general theme is the contrast between our greatness and our misery.

Pascal does not hesitate at the most violent antithesis: 'What a chimera is man! Judge of everything, a foolish worm, the repository of truth, sink of uncertainty and error, at once the glory and offscouring of the universe.' The masters of romanticism will not better that.

Pascal was of a sombre and pessimistic temperament. It was not his fault but rather that of his ill health. This frame of mind enabled him to produce some admirable pages, but one is scarcely obliged to follow him when he sets it up as a rule. He could approve only those who 'searched with groans.' But why groan? According to Vigny it is cowardly, and in any case it is useless, even a hindrance to the quest, for lucidity requires calm. 'Whoever considers himself in this life, will be terrified at himself. . . . I see the appalling spaces of the universe closing me in . . . the eternal silence of infinite space appalls me. . . .' All that is magnificent in expression, but is Pascal's famous anguish reasonable? Why should the silence of infinite spaces inspire terror if we know enough about its laws? Science and philosophy have set us free from the panics of earlier ages. Lucretius and Vergil were already superbly singing this liberation: *Felix qui potuit*. . . .

From the Beyond itself we are coming to see a response. If there is a God, He is just, and the just have nothing to fear from Him. Instead of trembling, therefore, they can say with Kant, 'Two things fill the soul with admiration and with a respect that is perpetually reborn: the starry sky above us, the moral law within us.'

Pursuing this analysis of human nature, Pascal exerts himself to the utmost to show the absurdities of our habits and the weakness of our reason. There is still one part of the *Pensées* which has no more immediate con-

nection with the outline of the *Apology* than the antithesis between greatness and misery, but which has an interest in itself — an extreme interest, indeed, for the vigor of the idea and the freshness of its style, in spite of numerous borrowings from Montaigne. But perhaps after all it is when one dips into Montaigne that one best measures the superiority of Pascal. The author of the *Essais* is also a great writer. He has also those qualities of grace and charm which are lacking in the author of the *Pensées*. But the latter wields either the sword or the thunderbolt. For example, the first said: 'What kind of goodness is it that I find admired to-day and no longer admired to-morrow, and that becomes a crime when you cross a river? What kind of truth is it that is bounded by a mountain range and becomes a lie to the world on the other side?' Pascal cries: 'Foolish justice that a river bounds! A truth on one side of the Pyrenees, an error on the other!' It is the same thing, but who will not see a difference?

Some of Pascal's arguments against reason seem almost puerile. 'The greatest philosopher of the world, standing on a plank that is plenty large enough, if he is above a precipice . . . and so forth. 'The mind of this sovereign judge of the universe (man) is not so independent but that it can be disturbed by the first uproar,' and so on. It is the same as saying that there is no such thing as true music because a violinist, even a good one, will play a false note if you push his elbow, or that there are no accurate scales, because a bad boy can throw them off balance with a kick.

Philosophies therefore, being incapable, according to Pascal, of explaining the enigma, real or pretended, of our nature, there remain the religions — 'a plethora of religions'; but the only religion that explains this

is the Christian religion with its doctrine of original sin. God created us in his image. Hence our grandeur; and our corruption comes from the fall of our father Adam, and Christianity brings with it not merely an explanation but a remedy, that is redemption.' Such are, in Pascal's eyes, the two essential dogmas and the whole basis of Christianity.

Voltaire raises the objection that it is not enough for a religion to explain man. It must also prove its own truth and prove that it is truly revealed. He is right. But Pascal considers that he demonstrates the revelation by the prophecies and the miracles. All things considered, this portion of the *Pensées* is far less original and to-day less interesting. Pascal had not the least notion either of historical criticism or of exegesis. On every page he falls into blunders and naïvetés. Questions of authenticity never arise for him, at least where the Bible is concerned, though he has his doubts about Homer and questions the reality of the Trojan War.

It is curious and a little depressing to see how far eagerness can lead a genius astray. Was it inevitable at that epoch? Perhaps — and yet Spinoza's *Tractatus theologico-politicus* was to appear in 1670, the same year as the first edition of the *Pensées*.

One finds one's self asking, moreover, why Pascal was at so much pains to repeat unendingly that grace alone can give faith. You either have grace or you have it not. You cannot do anything about it. That depends on God alone. This principle enables him to admit without difficulty that there is nothing certain about religion, that the proofs are not absolutely convincing. What does it matter? God will do the rest if He thinks it good, and no certainty would be effective or useful without His intervention, which is necessary and sufficient. What then?

Pascal, being strictly and exclusively Christian, discards the God of the philosophers and savants. One knows God only through Jesus Christ. The Christian God is not merely the author of geometrical truth and the order of the universe, but He is also the living God who fills the heart and soul for reasons that are apparently mysterious — since, being all-powerful, He could have made a different choice. He does not depend upon reason to lead us to believe but upon the heart. It is plain to be seen that to Pascal reason is superb but corrupt. Why has the heart escaped this corruption, resulting from the fall of man? Pascal does not say. But one knows well enough that reason, which disputes, has always been displeasing to mystics, whereas the heart is more accommodating. One makes it say what one will. It bestows upon one's innermost feelings an objective value easily and without control. The mystics pretend that these impressions constitute a direct

and intuitive knowledge. The statement is gratuitous. The heart offers no opposition.

Hence the famous formula: 'The heart has its reasons . . . God apparent to the heart,' and so forth.

Pascal despises that science in which he was so marvelously gifted. He thinks it well not to venture into the profundities of Copernicus. He finds Descartes useless. He writes to Fermat that he would not take two steps for all of geometry. He does not think that all philosophy is worth an hour's trouble, and one understands the sadness of M. Paul Valéry in the presence of this great man who, 'having exchanged his new lamp for an old one, becomes absorbed in stuffing papers into his pockets when it was the hour to give to France the glory of the calculation of the infinite.' Pascal in his studies on the wheel or cycloid failed to anticipate Leibnitz and Newton — a terrible example of the sterilization of genius by asceticism.

SHALL THE JOURNALIST TELL?

BY AN EDITOR

From the *Outlook*, July 21
(LONDON LIBERAL LABOR DAILY)

EVERY middle-aged newspaper-reader must have been vaguely conscious of a change in the character of the daily press during the last few years.

I am not referring to those tendencies to sensation on which many good people never tire of enlarging. In fact the sensationalism is more a matter of form than of substance. In most cases where the headlines are most wild the matter

connected with them is most tame. In many ways, indeed, the newspaper is much less sensational than it was, simply because it tries so strenuously to be more so. For display takes up so much space that room cannot be afforded for all the details which old editors printed stolidly under unexciting headlines. It stands to reason that if one takes twenty square inches

to assure the public that a divorce case is 'An Amazing Drama,' or 'A Novel in Real Life,' one will have nearly twenty square inches less in which to justify those descriptions than if one had merely headed the business 'Brown *versus* Brown and Higginbotham.'

There is, in fact, in one department a striking decrease in sensationalism. Nothing is more striking in the modern newspaper than the conspicuous and increasing absence of real news. There is, of course, plenty of news of a sort. There is an infinity of fact and comment concerning all kinds of sport. There is more than a sufficiency about debutantes and dress. There is certainly a sufficiency about murders and divorces. Great enterprise is shown in arranging minor 'stunts' and getting small 'scoops.' Papers show splendid ingenuity in securing that wireless readers shall receive the glad news that 'rain fell in Dublin to-day.' They take great pains to elicit the views of Mr. W. L. George on women, and of Miss Rebecca West on men.

But it is years since a London newspaper got anything really important to itself. Politics and foreign affairs, which used to be the great test of newspaper enterprise, are now dealt with in a manner not only singularly perfunctory, but, it would seem, designedly elusive. Concerning the things which affect the very life of the nation there is a conspiracy not exactly of silence but of mystification. There is very little news, and what news there is appears in such a form that it can be recognized as news only by those who are already tolerably familiar with affairs. The trained writer needs a trained reader. The ordinary reader gets only one newspaper, and he takes its statements as gospel. He has no means of checking them up by the reports in other journals, and should he do so he has no knowledge of the personal equation of

newspaper editors and correspondents, which enters so largely into the presentation of the news.

There are, indeed, only two ways in which people can nowadays get a roughly accurate idea of what is going on. The best way is, of course, to lunch and dine in the right places. There, if one has the patience and faculty to separate fact from nonsense, one can learn a great deal. But, after all, this resource is only open to a small number of people both socially and geographically favored. The generality must rely on printed matter.

Now the absence of news in our newspapers is due rather to an attitude of mind than to an absence of knowledge. The newspapers are, on the whole, not less well informed than they were. But they are apparently under the dominion of a professional conscience which forbids them to tell a plain story in plain language. The newspapers, like everybody else at all in touch with politics, knew from the beginning of last year that the Coalition was in a very bad way; but it was not until the eve of the Carlton Club meeting that the public was allowed to know in how bad a way it was. The newspapers knew quite well, soon after the election, that Mr. Bonar Law's health might compel his early retirement; yet the pretense was maintained to the last that he was hale and hearty, and only needed a short holiday. The newspapers knew the precise nature of the difficulties against which Lord Curzon had to contend at Lausanne, and the effect they produced on his mind, yet one set of newspaper-readers knows very little about the story of French intrigue, and another set of newspaper-readers is left under the impression that Lord Curzon, if not a decided Francophile, is at least the one great moderating influence in the Cabinet in regard to the presentment of British objections to the Ruhr policy.

The newspapers — many of them at any rate — knew quite well that there was a most acute difference of view among Ministers as to the substance and tone of Mr. Baldwin's statement. It was a difference which, in less embarrassing circumstances, might easily have led to several resignations. It was a difference only to be temporarily reconciled by a heavy editing of the original draft of Mr. Baldwin's pronouncement, much being left out that disturbed the Francophiles, and something added to soothe their susceptibilities. It was a difference which was fundamental, and which is bound to recur at every stage in the development of British policy. Yet the public is left with the general impression that Mr. Baldwin presides over a wholly united Cabinet.

Mr. Chesterton recently published a series of stories around the personality of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. The man knew so much that he could never tell what he knew. That seems, broadly, to be the position of the British journalist in these latter days. Not so long ago the newspapers and the officials played a game of hide and seek; the official revealed nothing he could help; the journalist found out and printed everything that he could. There were, of course, rules to the game. There was never a time when an editor would have published a piece of news, well knowing that it might involve his country in great calamities, simply to add to his reputation and get a big sale for his paper. There never was a time when a great journalist, in a doubtful case, would not seek and be guided by the decision of the responsible Minister. But on the whole he took the view that his first duty was to keep the public informed in his news-columns and correctly guided, according to his lights, by his editorials.

Once in a year, perhaps once in five

years, a real case of conscience might arise, but the journalist's conscience did not work an eight-hour day for six days a week; and in order that it should not trouble him unduly he deliberately kept away from official sources of inspiration. He conceived it his special business to get to know things in a way which implied no obligation of discretion, and, the world being constituted as it is, it was not generally difficult, with due skill, experience, and pertinacity, to find all he wanted without recourse to officialdom. What he discovered he was, therefore, free to make public, without restraint other than the laws of the land and his conscience as a patriotic citizen.

But some time before the war there grew up a mild approximation to the official inspection which had been carried to such great lengths in Germany. Sir Edward Grey and Lord Morley lectured journalists on the dangers of a free handling of foreign and Indian affairs, while Lord Haldane and Mr. Lloyd George had their own little press levees. With the coming of war the system was greatly extended. Tutelage of the press was, of course, a necessity. But as the Government alone had knowledge it could impose its own conditions as to what it chose to impart; and the habit formed during these years of looking to the official for guidance, and regarding news as something dangerous if given to the public neat, persisted long after any genuine necessity for reticence had ceased. The muzzling of the press during the war was essential to the very existence of the nation. The muzzling of the press during the peace was, most people now see, a very serious detriment to the nation.

The muzzling, in less formal shape, still exists. It is not merely that journalists, still receiving official confidences, are thereby prevented from

making use even of information which may come to them from independent sources. A more subtle cause of the prevailing obscurantism is the change of mind which has taken place in the journalist himself. He once conceived of himself as having performed his duty when he had told the public, in plain language, what it might be conceived as interested to know. He now tends to think of himself as having a quite different kind of responsibility. He esteems himself much in the position of the doctor who must not tell what he knows because the truth might be too much for the patient or the patient's relatives.

It might, argues the modern journalist, help to precipitate the horror of a Labor Government if he should reveal that Lord Lavish and Mr. Cheespare are at daggers drawn over Navy economies, or that there is a lively dispute about income tax between Mr. Pultusk and Mr. Golightly. It might smash the Entente if he should faithfully tell the people of England what France thinks,

and the people of France what England thinks. Consequently he glozes over facts, and in the region of opinion deals in dark hints which can only be understood by those who already need no enlightenment. The serious journalist is no longer a collector of news and an expounder of views for the people. He is an ambassador abroad and a statesman at home.

The confusion of function undoubtedly impairs the efficiency of the newspaper for its primary purpose. The real use of a newspaper is to give light. It is a lamp and a danger signal. It exists to tell the public what its rulers are doing, and to tell the rulers what the public is thinking. But at the present moment the public has not the smallest notion what the Government really means to do in a matter which may affect our whole foreign policy for the next fifty years. And as for the Government, it has still less idea of what the public may think, when confronted at last with a definitive and irrevocable policy.

PARIS UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE

BY CHARLES FOLEY

From *L'Echo de Paris*, June 30
(CLERICAL DAILY)

In the fourth century A.D. the town of Lutetia, soon to be known as Paris, was already a city of importance. Cæsars and Augusti had inhabited it and were still to do so. The city with its white stone houses stood between the two arms of the Seine, which was alive with many a fleet laden with merchandise. To the east of the island

rose a temple consecrated to Jupiter during the reign of Tiberius by the powerful guild of *nautæ* or sailors. At the western extremity a palace with gardens surrounding it was to be seen, once the abode of the Cæsars, but now more frequently serving as the *curia* for the governors or municipal officials. There was a prison. There was also a

forum where edicts were read, and where slaves brought from Great Britain or elsewhere were sold at auction. The city communicated with the right bank by a large bridge and with the left bank by a little bridge, both built of wood.

The right bank was low and often flooded, so that very few villas were to be seen there. But raised on dikes in the marshy land there were roads with sidewalks, milestones, and, at regular intervals, blocks of stones to make it possible to mount a horse easily. One of these roads — to-day rue Montmartre and the rue des Martyrs — ran toward Mons Martis, which was crowned by a temple dedicated to the god. It is said that the little church of Saint Peter still includes a few marble columns from that ancient temple. Other roads, such as the rue St. Denis, led to the northern provinces, the rue St. Martin to Rheims, and the rue St. Antoine to Sens. On this side of Lutetia the view was limited by heavily wooded hills, which rendered the country very unsafe. The German tribes would come to rob and pillage and murder. When these brigands were captured, they were thrown into the arena.

On the left bank rose Mount Locutitius, now the mountain of St. Genevieve. There was situated the palace, probably built by Constantius Chlorus, the great gardens of which swept down to the river and extended to a great distance, as far indeed as the present location of the rue Bonaparte. Here also was the camp of the Prætorian Guard, a little temple to Bacchus, a drill ground, the arenas, and a road — to-day the rue de Saint Jacques — which led to Orléans and the cities in the south, and which was large enough for two chariots to pass each other. Each side of this road was lined with villas, and there was also a burial ground which seems to have reached

the outskirts of the site now occupied by Notre Dame des Champs. In Mount Locutitius were quarries — the hiding-places of the Christians. On the hillside also dwelt potters, who were famous for their skill in fashioning and firing in their ovens little figurines, amphoræ, cups, and vases in black, gray, and red. In the vicinity were vineyards carefully cultivated. They yielded an excellent red wine, the special product of the country, which, together with bread baked in ashes, and figs, constituted the fare of the Parisii. By covering their fig trees with straw, our ancestors knew how to preserve them from the cold and make them bear fruit. They endeavored also to cultivate olive trees.

These were the various attractions that left their impression in the mind of the future Emperor Julian when, as a mere boy, he had lived in Paris, on Mount Locutitius, with his grandfather Constantius Chlorus. Among all the Cæsars who loved Gaul, Julian was preëminent. He used often to speak of his 'dear Lutetia,' and he was popular there, first because he had delivered the country from the Barbarian invasions from the Rhine, and also because he showed himself severe toward the tax-collectors. He always did his best to reduce taxes, and when, feeling himself more secure at Lutetia than at Sens, he came there to go into winter quarters, he was wont to receive a warm reception.

Julian was a little man, but sturdily built, his head slightly bent, his hair fine and curly, his beard cut to a point. His features were regular, and his eyes reflected the lively and various feelings passing in his mind. There was a kind of swing in his gait. His speech was brief, with a note of interrogation, and his tone sometimes disdainful, yet his face was no less agreeable on this account.

After having dwelt for a time in the palace in the city, Julian installed himself on the left bank of the river, and, as everybody knows, it was in the year 360 that he was proclaimed Augustus by the legions returning from the banks of the Rhine. The *thermæ*, or hot baths, the only ruins that remain to us, imposing though they still may be, can give only a faint idea of the magnificence of the imperial dwelling. Besides the consistorium it contained halls and state apartments. Its living-quarters rose to the height of the hill itself, and two immense stories below ground gave room for secret chambers. An immense aqueduct brought the waters of springs, more than four leagues distant, to Paris and to its gardens and fish ponds.

While Julian's wife, the Empress Helena, displayed an Oriental luxury in her dwelling, the Emperor continued to live as a simple soldier and austere philosopher. He ate little, and had for his bed nothing save a carpet and a hide.

Being roused about midnight, he would occupy himself with business or would read till dawn, and 'in the daytime he governed.' He delighted to walk in his gardens accompanied by Oribasius, his physician, discussing the nature of dreams, and looking out across his beloved city of Lutetia.

Julian has left his own impressions to us. 'The water of the river is pleasant to see,' he wrote, 'and it offers a pure and limpid draught to whosoever wishes to quench his thirst. The warm winds from the ocean, which is only ninety stadia distant, render the unpleasant season in this country very temperate.' He goes on to boast of the wines and fig trees that are so carefully

cultivated, and repeats: 'Winter treats the dwellers in this land gently.' Then, as if to contradict his predictions, during one of the four or five winters that Julian spent in Lutetia the cold became extremely severe. 'The Seine,' Julian now wrote, 'is full of blocks of ice, thick and white as Phrygian marble, which sometimes float along one behind the other, and sometimes pile up above each other, forming a bridge across the water. Being desirous to accustom myself to all privations, I would not permit the room in which I slept to be warmed.' Nevertheless, as the cold became more severe, the sovereign permitted his servants to bring in a few burning coals. 'There were not many,' he says, 'but there were enough to make the vapor start from the walls and make my head become heavy, so that I fell asleep. I thought that I should strangle. They brought me out of the chamber, the doctors caused me to vomit, and thereafter I felt well enough to pass a quiet night. The next day I took up my labors.'

The accident which so nearly cost his life left no trace of bitterness in the monarch. He never ceased to praise his dear Lutetia and her people.

'If they worship at the altar of Venus,' Julian assures us, 'it is because they consider this deity the patroness of marriage. If they adore Bacchus and make use of his gifts, it is because that god is in their eyes the father of joy who, with Venus, procures them a numerous progeny. Among them one sees neither the insolence, nor the obscenity, nor the lascivious dances of our Roman theatres.'

Since Julian's time Paris has changed considerably.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE DOWNS AT DUSK

BY HUGH MONEY-COUTTS

[Observer]

THE hunt is o'er; stout-hearted Fly-by-Night
Plucks at his bridle in the young moon's light,
Weary, but homeward bound; a warrior star
Mounts guard on Pentridge, where the shadows are.
Deep in the sunset smoulder flecks of gold
On out-burned crimson; from some far sheepfold
Flit tiny sounds; are silent, tinkle on,
Grow small again, and smaller, and are gone.

Slowly my Fly-by-Night plods o'er the turf;
The wind sighs, laden as the Atlantic surf
Calling afar to foam-girt Hebrides
Mysterious tidings from the lonely seas.

On Martin Down 't is whispered, Man goes by;
And many a ghost looms dim, who came to die
Here in the downland, where no wildfires blow
Their aguish breath, but sweet spring grasses grow
About the dew ponds, and no tangled Chase
Affords the Beast a leafy lurking-place.

About me throngs a twilight company
Older than England, older in degree
Unfathomable than any of Earth's race.
Bow-legged and beetle-browed, with simian face
Peering in mine; forgotten, doubtful kin,
Yet manlike, eager once to enter in
Man's kingdom; strange and savage as the Beast,
Of all mankind the eldest and the least.

Wild eyes adore me; knew they tears, or laughter,
Or human speech? God knows. There follow after
Men who chipped flints ere history begins;
Celts in bronze armor, Britons clothed in skins;
Builders of barrows long, and barrows round,
Of stony temple and sepulchral mound;
Norseman and Saxon; Romans breaking sod
For ribboned roads which lusty legions trod —
Here is a crucible, where humankind
Was scorched and buffeted by sun and wind,
Until the cross was shattered, and the gold
Repaid God's alchemy an hundredfold.

There are the cornfields, and the worn highway.
Phantoms, farewell — with me no longer stay!
See where the village windows redly glow,
Beacons of men; they bid you turn and go
Back to the starry night, and hide you deep
Under the downland where you fell on sleep.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE VENTURES OF THE THÉÂTRE DE L'ATELIER

THE little Théâtre de l'Atelier in Paris is beginning to be talked about. A handful of experimental souls who have had the temerity to ascend Montmartre and penetrate into a deserted little square near the Place Pigalle have been marvelously rewarded by watching the ardent and disciplined performance of the Atelier players. Charles Dullin, the actor manager, discouraged by the inertia of the boulevard managers and by the incapacity of the average actor to break away from the commercialized theatre, determined to strike out for himself and to organize an independent theatre.

He started first a school of acting with a few young disciples. They were too poor to pay the rent of a hall or even of a room in Paris, so this band of young players, without hope of salary or of even a roof over their heads, encamped in a small village near Paris, on the Seine. Here the pupils became artisans, stage-decorators, and dress-makers. The plays were given sometimes out of doors, sometimes in a barn. Later they migrated to Paris, encouraged by the appreciation and assistance of M. Jacques Copeau of the Vieux-Colombier and other revolutionists. Copeau lent Dullin his theatre for some Molière performances which were an artistic success, and behold, they were launched on that uncertain waste — an uncaptialized theatrical company.

During the past season Dullin has produced three remarkable plays: Calderon's *Life is a Dream*, Jean Cocteau's arrangement in one act of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and Luigi Pirandello's *La Volupté de l'Honneur*, translated by Camille Mallarmé.

SPOKEN VERSE

AFTER all, poetry was made to be heard. It depends on rhythm, and rhythm is a matter of the ear. Hence the modern practice of silent reading of verse involves a distinct loss — except of course in the kind of poetry, alas too common, that is better not read at all.

Mr. John Masfield and some other English enthusiasts have been interesting themselves in promoting the speaking of verse among the English school-children. Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Oxford are the chief centres of this work. Mr. Masfield himself, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, of whose staff he was formerly a member, describes a two-day festival at Oxford, for which a hundred and twenty competitors were expected, and five hundred and twenty turned up.

Poetry is a subject in which Mr. Masfield is always worth listening to, whether he is writing it, or merely writing about it, and the conclusion of his article is especially worth quoting: —

There were many fine and moving speakers among the five hundred. Most of the entrants were women. For some reason men avoid these contests. I cannot think why. It is as a rule a man who writes poetry. Most of the memorable things spoken here on this planet, either as orders or persuasions, have been spoken by men, yet in these contests the women come in hundreds and the men in tens.

The defects of the English speaking of verse were made very clear. The chief defect is the detestable defect of slowness. Verse is the fruit of a strong excitement in the mind of energy. Many of the speakers spoke it as if it were a part of some treatment for insomnia. One of the test pieces set was a messenger's speech, which the judges spoke and timed when they set it.

It can be spoken with every fitting dramatic delay in six minutes. Many of the speakers drawled it through in ten minutes, and some of them took twelve. It was terrible to listen to when this happened. The slow, monotonous drawl crawled on, the rhythm was gone, the life was gone, the thing was dead. Next year if, as we hope, the recitations can be held again, all speakers will be given a time-limit for the piece prescribed.

AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN PARIS

UNDER the patronage of Ambassador Herrick, the *Association Franco-Américaine des Peintres et des Sculpteurs* recently organized an exhibition of water colors by Winslow Homer, Dodge MacKnight, and John Sargent. None of the pictures exhibited was for sale, and most of them were loaned either by private owners or by museums. The Parisian semimonthly, *La Nouvelle Revue*, devotes a page and a half of criticism to the exhibit, which it sums up as *une très belle exposition*. The critic finds Winslow Homer's pictures marked by a certain severity of line and color, and all the vigor of a character that is independent and frankly original. The MacKnights were mainly African landscapes. The critic pays especial attention to his treatment of light.

Sargent is remarked for the infinite variety of his work. 'He is chiefly known in Paris as a painter, but the collection of seventy-five water colors which he now shows offers a unique opportunity to appreciate the multiplicity of his gifts. Here we see Alpine landscapes, marine studies, portraits, and interior scenes. Sometimes we are in Florida, sometimes in Venice or in Africa. And in each of them one finds a freshness of color, a limpid atmosphere, and an indefinable touch of distinction which astonishes and touches one. Some of the portraits are

perfection itself. One is tempted to ask whether Sargent the water colorist may not affect the reputation of Sargent the painter.'

SOVIET NEWSPAPERS

La Semaine littéraire, a weekly published in Geneva, gives some interesting figures of newspaper publication in Soviet Russia, which, it says, is even more rigorously restricted than under the Tsar. A total of 545 journals of various kinds appears in Russia, only 174 of which are dailies. The total circulation of the combined newspapers and magazines for a population of a hundred and fifty million reaches only 1,820,000 copies. Even if one assumes that each copy has ten readers — an estimate which even the most sanguine advertising man would hardly venture to make in the United States — there still remain about a hundred million citizens of the Soviet Republic who are wholly without current information about world events.

The largest circulation is enjoyed by the *Izvestia* of Moscow, which reaches one hundred and eighty thousand. This is said to be partly accounted for by the fact that the 'nepmen' — that is, the speculators who profited by Lenin's new economic policy — usually subscribe two and three times over, in order to satisfy the Communists under whose rule they live.

GUERRA JUNQUEIRO, PORTUGAL'S NATIONAL POET

GUERRA JUNQUEIRO, whose body was recently deposited in the Basilica da Estrela in Lisbon, had become an historical figure even before he died. He was the last of a group called 'the defeated by life,' a constellation of five — the other four being Ramalho Ortigao, Eça de Queiroz, Oliveira

Martins, and Antero de Quental—who were the spiritual guides of a generation of Portuguese, a sort of intellectual government of the nation. In the opinion of some, two more names must be added to this constellation—those of Teófilo Braga, the historian, and Camilo Castelo Branco. Junqueiro kept the alertness of his mind up to his end. His last books are *Poesias Dispersas* and *Prosas Dispersas*—compilations of his earlier works, many of them corrected and rewritten in accord with the later evolution of the author's mind.

Junqueiro dies reconciled to the Church. In a note in his late compilations he says that he was 'very unjust to the Church' in his early book, the famous *O velhice do Padre Eterno*, 'The Eternal Father Grown Old.'

Of all modern poets Junqueiro bears most resemblance to Victor Hugo. More than that, he was Hugo's ardent admirer, and in his 'Divino Hugo' he said:—

*Em Hugo adoremos, a flor de Poesia,
A mística flor.*

(In Hugo we adore the flower of poetry—
The mystic flower.)

Junqueiro combines a grandiose epic quality in his poetry with satiric vigor and with the gentleness of Portuguese lyric—a feeling of nature with a love of all that is fragile, tender, and little. Author of an imprecation against England that reminds one of the prophets of Israel, *Finis Patriæ*, of the grand evocation of Portugal in *Astrologus en Patria*, he also wrote verses full of simplicity and tenderness, such as *Os simples*, where he sometimes has a primeval ingenuity of expression:—

*Dormiam virgíneas as cousas mansas
Os rebanhoses as flores; as aves e as
crianças.*

(Gentle nature lies in virginal repose,
Her flocks and flowers, her birds and all her
creatures.)

When we compare Junqueira with his Spanish contemporaries, it must be said that he had no equal among them. Junqueira was his country's national poet in the nineteenth century, especially at the period of Portugal's acute conflict with England, while no Spanish poet of modern times ever made much use of the civic lyre.

✱

RABINDRANATH TAGORE AS MUSICIAN

MISS A. STRICKLAND-ANDERSON, writing in the *Calcutta Review*, a monthly published by Calcutta University, discusses Rabindranath Tagore's work as a composer of music. The Occident has at best been rather slow in discovering Tagore. It is years since his first book of poems in English, *Gitanjali*, began to attract attention in Europe and America, but even then he had long been famous as a poet in his own Bengali. Europe has been equally slow in discovering him as something more than a poet: as a philosopher, as an educator, and as a religious teacher; but Tagore, being essentially a lyric poet, is also—by a transition which to a Bengali seems quite natural—a musician. He has frequently set his poems to music of his own, and his songs are widely known in India, though perhaps not so widely as his poetry. Coming from a distinguished family, the poet has been surrounded from his earliest youth by an artistic atmosphere, so that the gradual awakening of his own gifts has been quite natural.

In Western ears a good deal of the music of the East sounds like mere endless reiteration and hopeless monotony. Tagore's music escapes this criticism without breaking away from the musical traditions which have persisted in India for thousands of years. As the writer says, this type of musical expression is inextricably

woven in a nation's being, and to alter it to a new pattern would take away the essence which gives it individuality and indigenous charm.

Miss Strickland-Anderson sums up her article in these words: 'As for Tagore's music it may be described in one word — elusive. I cannot imagine any Westerner ever singing Indian songs properly, for our Eastern brother seems fitted by nature to interpret Indian music with the flexible throat relaxed naturally from climatic effects on the vocal organ. To sing as does the Indian would be a physical impossibility to those hampered by the strictures of a more temperate zone.'



THE MISSIONARY EXPOSITION IN THE VATICAN

AN exhibition of the work of Roman Catholic Missions, to be held in the Vatican, is proposed for the year 1925. Word has been sent to all bishops, vicars, apostolic prefects, and superiors of missions the world over, to help make the Catholic Missions better known to the outside world by sending in to the exhibition all kinds of interesting objects having connection with the Missions or with the countries where they work. Objects suggested are antique books, maps, objects distinguished for their beautiful or grotesque form, objects that give an idea of the modes of living of various peoples, native instruments and tools of all descriptions, small replicas in case of cumbersome objects or houses, arms and weapons, photographs.

SERGEI DIAGILEV AND HIS BALLET Russe

RUMORS that have been going the round abroad assert that Sergei Diagilev's company of Russian dancers has been broken up. This, however, is flatly denied by M. Cyril W. Beaumont, writing in the London *Observer* — obviously with authority. The rumors seem to be due to the withdrawal of Lydia Lopokhova and M. Massin, who formed companies of their own.

There was really no occasion for rumor, because the Diagilev company has sprouted in the past as many new companies as any amoeba. Karsavina and Bohm, Fokin and Nizhinskii seceded long ago, but the Diagilev dancers went on. As Mr. Beaumont observes, 'It is M. Diagilev who always has been, is, and will be the live force of the organization he created. And when he retires it will be time enough to consider the company's future, and then only.'

M. Diagilev has recently become director of ballet and comic opera at the Théâtre de Monte Carlo. His company gathered in Paris on August 15, after their annual holiday, for a fortnight's rehearsal preceding a Spanish tour which is to last until the season opens in Monte Carlo in December. That month will be devoted to classic ballet and the next two months will be given over to grand opera with ballet performances twice a week. April will be reserved for a season of exclusively Russian ballet. A Paris season is proposed for May, and it is probable that the company will go from Paris to London.

b
b
n
n
th
Th
th
for
ch
'm
spe
wh

Chi
E
7

Mu
prov
trav
Japa
book
with
most
uphol
Gove
also v
preju
ate an
the hi
the V
intern

BOOKS ABROAD

The Man of Promise: Lord Rosebery, by E. T. Raymond. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1923. 10s.

[*Spectator*]

MR. RAYMOND has written a clever and readable book; but it is difficult to understand why he wrote it, for it seems rather a gruesome task to present to his own generation a critically detailed study of a man who, his active and public life over, lives in retirement, stricken in years, stricken in health, and deeply stricken with sorrows. Public men in the full tide of their work are, of course, fair game for the journalist and the pamphleteer; and Mr. Raymond himself has very skillfully brought down the quarry in *Uncensored Celebrities*; but to write a biography which neither in tense nor tone even suggests that its subject is still alive gives the impression of a rather unpleasant kind of literary vivisection. It suggests an obituary notice published by mistake.

Some day a full-length portrait of Lord Rosebery will have to be drawn, and it would have been pleasant to be able to say that Mr. Raymond's study will make the task easier by furnishing those vivid impressions which are one of the chief merits of contemporary studies; but *The Man of Promise* does little more than repeat the old catchwords which have passed muster for comment on Lord Rosebery's career and character for many years. Its 'riddle' and 'mystery' are emphasized and we are not even spared the verdict of his Eton master—'one who likes the palm without the dust.'

China in the Family of Nations, by Henry T. Hodgkin. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MR. HODGKIN lived for several years in the province of Szechwan, and he has recently traveled for two years in China, Korea, and Japan. He has now written a very interesting book on the problem of China and her relations with European civilization. The trouble with most writers on China is that they are fanatical upholders either of democracy or of 'strong Government,' and not only what they think, but also what they see, are colored by their political prejudices. Mr. Hodgkin is refreshingly moderate and judicial. He gives a good summary of the history of the relations between China and the Western Powers and Japan and of the internal troubles that have followed the revolu-

tion, and he states his own conclusions, which are wisely tentative rather than dogmatic. Perhaps the most interesting part of his book is that in which he discusses the industrialization of China.

A Sketch of Recent Shakespearean Investigation, 1893-1923, by Dr. C. H. Herford. London: Blackie and Son, 1923. 6s.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THESE fifty-eight pages were primarily written to supplement, for a new edition, the survey of Shakespearean scholarship which Dowden contributed in 1893 to the 'Henry Irving Shakespeare.' But it was a happy thought to issue them separately, and so make them available, as indeed they are indispensable, to students whose shelves or whose pockets cannot stretch to another full text. The moment is propitious for a new survey, and the publishers are fortunate in their surveyor. The determining factor of Shakespearean criticism during the last thirty years has been the rapid supersession of idealist aestheticism by realist scholarship. And no one is more competent than Professor Herford to hold the balance fairly and dispassionately between the two.

His genius is perhaps in its happiest mood in his illuminating discrimination of the qualities of Brandes, Bradley, Raleigh, and Croce. But he does more than discriminate; his exposition is itself, either implicitly or explicitly, an assessment of the validity and the limitations of the critical systems at issue. He makes us long for the complete setting-forth of his own Shakespearean doctrine in a volume in which he will be unimpeded by the duty of recounting other men's views, and in which, for that reason, his benevolence will not betray him, as once or twice it does here, to suffer fools too mercifully.

The Brooklyn Murders, by G. D. H. Cole. London: Collins, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

MANY serious minds unbend over detective stories, but few public men actually try their hand at writing them. Mr. Cole has turned from the advocacy of Guild Socialism to make the experiment, and he has produced some ingenious effects in clue-hunting. He starts, too, with a mystery based on the novel idea of two murders, either of which might have been committed by the other victim. Where Mr. Cole fails to carry

conviction is in letting the real and obvious murderer escape the suspicions of the police too long, and in not keeping the reader long enough in suspense. But notwithstanding these two weaknesses, the clue-work by the two young people who mix love and criminal investigation is interesting enough to provide a story which the reviewer has gulped down at a single sitting.

The Intellectual Worker and His Work, by William MacDonald. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Spectator*]

MR. MACDONALD'S study, which is marked by thoroughness rather than by any special acuteness, aims at showing the position of the intellectual worker, the scientist, the artist, the professional man, in the economic world of to-day. He examines the nature of intellectual work, notes its conditions, discusses its administrative control, and then endeavors, with some success, to bring into relief its essential solidarity. This leads naturally to his main thesis, which is that in a world dominated by two groups, Capital and Labor, it will be necessary for the intellectual workers to form a third, to protect their common interests. He denies that such a step would have in time a bad effect upon the work itself, and, indeed, would appear to think that only by such organization will the intellectual worker be able to secure for himself the proper conditions of his labor. He does not, however, rid us of the suspicion that such action is nothing but an acceptance of the line of least resistance; the intellectual worker himself, as a wage-earner, may have suffered from the lack of organization, but we are not sure that the world itself, already suffering from hard-and-fast grouping on economic lines, has not gained by the comparative freedom of some of its members.

A Land of Opportunities, by E. J. Stuart. London: John Lane, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[*Times*]

It was a tragedy for Louis de Rougemont that he lived and died before the possibilities of the moving-picture camera were realized. When Mr. Stuart describes how a cinema camera was unpacked on the beach at Turtle Bay in the Northwest of Australia, and 'the story told by De Rougemont over twenty years ago was corroborated by filming a black boy riding a large turtle on the beach and also in deep water,' the first impulse of the reader must be to lay down the book for a moment and offer unqualified apology for the long years of his skepticism. It requires little imagination on his part to picture the shade

of De Rougemont standing behind his chair and sighing in gentle reproach, 'I told you so.'

Mr. Stuart tells a fascinating story of strange places and strange peoples. In the schooner *Culwulla* he sailed northward from the pearly station at Broome through uncharted waters and into half-hidden harbors. The avowed object of the Stuart-Cochran expedition was to prospect for minerals, and to examine the natural and trade resources of a little-known territory so rich as to justify the somewhat prosy title of the book. The real interest of Mr. Stuart's diary, however, lies in the faithful account he gives of the customs and characteristics of the primitive peoples who live along the coast. There are others as well as natives who appear in the book—lonely missionaries, Afghan camel-drivers, Malay divers, and quaint old pearl-fishers like 'Frenchy' d'Antoine, who had lived among the blacks for thirty-six years, and was so 'nervous and excited at the unexpected appearance of the *Culwulla's* party that it was only with difficulty that he could convey a whiskey to his mouth.' Mr. Stuart's descriptions of native dances and tribal rites are of considerable value to the anthropologist.

Aus 50 Jahren. Erinnerungen, Tagebücher, und Briefe aus dem Nachlass des Fürsten Philipp zu Eulenburg-Hertefeld. Berlin: Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel, 1923.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

COUNT EULENBURG was for many years one of the most conspicuous figures in Berlin society; he was a close friend of Count Herbert Bismarck's, and was therefore admitted to intimacy in the Bismarck household; he also enjoyed to an exceptional degree the confidence and friendship of the Emperor. He was an accomplished musician, and in many ways a striking and attractive personality. The events which led to his social eclipse caused a European commotion. He died two years ago; and at the request of his widow, Dr. Haller, a capable historian, has collected and edited selections from his correspondence, diary, and autobiographical fragments.

The material with which he had to deal has obviously been very difficult, and the book is in consequence rather disconnected. On the other hand, for those who are interested in these matters it throws much light upon Berlin society during the fifty years preceding the war, and contains many graphic stories and descriptions of the leading personalities. The intimate account of the whole Bismarck family and entourage and that of the Emperor are of historical importance. In particular, the picture of Bismarck is valuable.